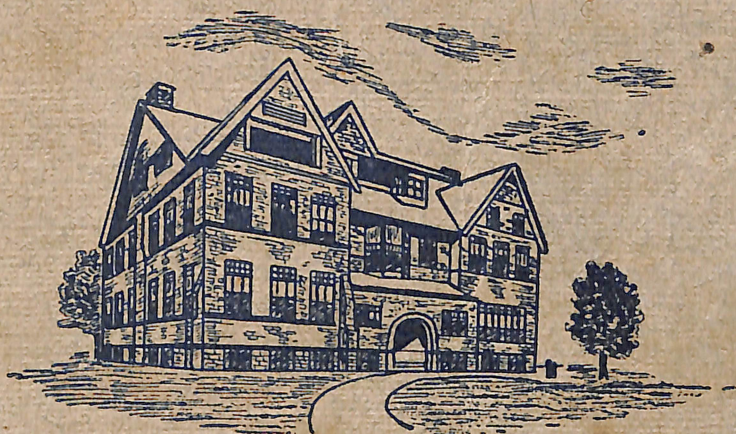


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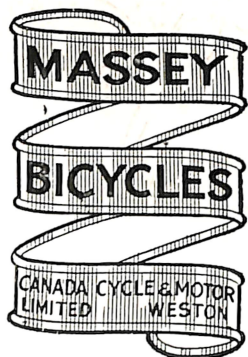
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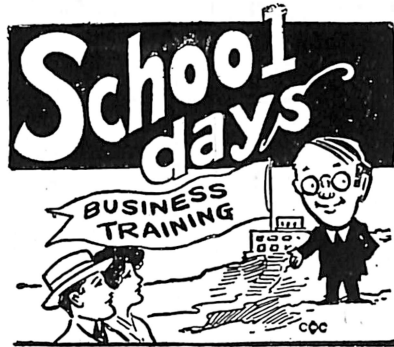
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Dedication

In loving farewell to the school which
we and our fathers before us
attended, we reverently
dedicate this
issue to

“The Old Collegiate”

Foreword



The scythe of the fabled Father has cut another swath and what a swath it has been,—a swath containing many kernels of the finest grain! The year has been a notable one in our school life and it is fitting that it should be so—fitting that our last year in these glorious old halls should be one without equal in the long history of our school.

Let us give all praise to those far-sighted men who, in planning a new Collegiate, built for the future. The passing months have brought nearer and nearer completion a new Collegiate and Technical School which is one of the finest of its kind in the province. The undergraduates look forward eagerly to the days when they will enjoy the advantages of this more modern edifice.

And yet, though we rejoice for the generations that are to come, into our minds creeps a feeling of sadness that we must leave the old school which has served us and our fathers before us. We, who graduate this year, experience a curious feeling of satisfaction that the last days of the grand old school are also our last Collegiate days.

Life in these halls broadened our minds and gave us new friends, new ambitions and new ideals. We, in turn, fought for our school in battles of muscle and battles of mind, so that its name might become known and respected. Thus a bond like that between a nurse and her charge sprang up,—an attachment which, now, with its dissolution, brings a heartache.

The title "S. C. I." will soon belong to a more imposing edifice, but for us, who graduate now, **our** S. C. I. will always be this grand old building which we now attend. And so, in farewell, we have dedicated this issue—the last to be edited in this building—to "The Old School." We have tried to make it the best in the history of our magazine, so that it may be worthy of the honour, and we hope that, in some measure, we have succeeded.

Hale

*O pile revered,
Thou glorious guardian of our youth,
With hearts grief-filled, we raise our voices
In farewell.*

*Full-tutored, we, not in the narrow course
Of mere fact-knowledge, not alone
In the cold logic of the pedagogic,
But, four-square, like the knights of old.*

*In thy old halls were born the fond conceits
Of youth. Nurtured were they,
And shaped, at last, into ideals fair,
E'en as a sculptor moulds in marble chaste
The pure conceptions of his artist soul,
So didst thou through the years all subtly bring
The earthly visions of our plastic minds
Into the perfect image.*

*Here, did we fight the glorious frays
Of youth. Here, victory thrilled our souls.
For thy fame, here we spent the exultant
strength*

Of youthful frames.

*Here did we strive to give expression just
And fearless to youth's denial of the cynic
sneer.*

*Here, did we feel
The thousand wonderings, and longings vague
And undefinable,
Of growing years.*

*With thee we learned
Patience, and self-control, and human sym-
pathy,
The beauty of the simple things of life,
And all the glory of self-sacrifice.*

*And when we erred, thou didst rebuke,
But we, deserving, bore it as
The tender chiding of a mother's love.
O counsellor wise,*

*Whom now we leave
Forever!*

*Thy sons now fully grown go we forth
Into the struggles of a stressful world.
With confidence and hope and the
Unsollicid dreams of youth,
By thee inspired.*

*And thou, whom we must leave behind,
A purpose new must serve.
But think not that thy power in us is lost,
As to the summits of our busy spheres
We climb,*

*In memory fond
Thou'lt still live on.*

*Though halls of marble and of brass,
Cold requisites of a more ambitious age,
Replace thee,*

*In our memories, each brick, each separate inch
Of thy old halls so dim
Bears sacred memory.*

*And in our prime, when all the weary din
Of worldly things assails,
Dost think we will forget?*

*Forget? When all the past,
The wistful memories of our distant youth,
Possess a hallowed corner of our minds?
Thou art to us*

*Not like the out-grown books of earlier days
To the advancing child,*

*But as the simple primer age reverts,
The treasured token of bright childhood days.
So thou,*

*Who subtly shaped our youthful aims,
Wilt ever be*

A glorious memory,

Our light and guide,

Our hallowed Alma Mater,

Vale! Vale! Vale!

THEODORE F. M. NEWTON.



THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

Since the last issue of our magazine, momentous movements have taken place, and great conferences have met to decide the future of the world. So great is the problem, that men from all the leading nations are assembling to decide upon agreements and treaties, and the establishment of universal friendship. The post-war problems of today are, as we all realize, very great, and the responsibilities of our statesmen, tremendous. Yet, have not great problems of reconstruction faced countries after all wars? Then why should we become pessimistic over the present unsettled situation? Let all of us support the movement for universal peace, let us all uphold and loyally support the men who are working for this end, for, if we all centralize our powers on one subject we cannot fail. Even now, there may be some who do not realize the greatness of the task, but when the years have rolled by, they or their descendants will look back, wondering at the mighty work done, and will know how great is the history that is now in the making.

The student life of many countries, foremost among these, Poland, Russia, and the modern state of Czechoslovakia, has played a large part in the great reform movements. Looking back on the history of such wars as the Napoleonic Wars, we wonder what was the attitude of the student bodies of that day. Undoubtedly, it was somewhat the same as that of ourselves today,—expectant, won-

dering, hopeful. And as we look backward to the great accomplishments of leading men of the past, so will the future generations ponder on the reforms that are now being worked out, and come to a full realization of how much they owe to those who have passed before.

War, in its heat, seems but a bloody, inhuman carnage, yet no great universal movement is without its good results. With and after war, new customs are adopted, new thoughts enter the mechanical minds, take on a dim shape, grow clearer and more complete, until finally we are in possession of some new invention. After all such great emotional crises, great men, great art, and great literature are produced, and we look forward to what will be in the days to come a momentous epoch.

Today, the League of Nations has met to establish the long hoped-for world peace. While we have many who hold unfavourable views as to the outcome, yet others, many of whom are working for it, believe the final result to be very hopeful. Foremost among these movements, is the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments.

Great Britain desires to abolish the submarines from the navies of the nations. Her delegates argued and debated the questions for days, but, although they made a profound impression upon the representatives of the other countries, especially those of the United States, the question has been decided in favour of a limited submarine fleet. France, Italy, Japan, and the United States

opposed Britain on this question, pointing out the beneficial points of the submarine service.

A tonnage ratio on different classes of ships was agreed upon. All the representatives voted affirmatively on the agreement that the several countries in the conference have a stated number of aircraft carriers.

The use of poison gas was prohibited. Many other smaller points with which we are, or may become, well acquainted have been discussed. Some were finally agreed upon, others partially settled, and some not at all. But we are not to believe that, because the Conference is now adjourned, these problems are to be left unsettled; some day in the near future, they will be again presented before the great powers and a final agreement upon them will be reached.

THE SCHOOL UNIFORM

Early in November, there arose an issue of great importance to the girls of the school, and, as it proved later, to the boys also, namely, that of school uniforms for the girls. Wherever a number of girls were gathered together, one was almost certain what the main topic of conversation would be, and seldom was he disappointed when, on drawing nearer, one girl would be heard to remark, "Well, for my part, I think it is a fine idea," and another one to answer, "I am not so sure about that. I am almost positive that I would get awfully tired of wearing the same thing every day." And then, the real discussion would begin. The proposition was, without doubt, thoroughly threshed out.

A date was settled on which the matter should be decided by a vote of all the girls, and, as the day drew nearer and nearer, the girls wavered, now favoring this side, now that. But, when the day finally did arrive, they showed their true school spirit and almost unanimous-

ly voted in favour of adopting the uniform.

The dress upon which the girls agreed is a navy blue pleated skirt and white-trimmed flannel middy, with the school crest in white on the school crest in white on the left the left sleeve, for winter, and a white skirt and white middy with the school crest in blue for the warmer days.

If there is anyone in the school who still does not favour the idea of a uniform, it would be well worth his while to get up on the platform some day, at one of the meetings of the Literary Society, and look over the girls' side of the Hall. We are sure that he would then no longer disapprove.

THE AFTERMATH

Close upon the heels of the war god Mars come Famine and Pestilence. It has always been so, and undoubtedly if we have other wars, always will be. In Russia the terrible political state of the country, has caused the cessation of large agricultural activities, and now thousands must suffer and die of starvation. Some say it is but the price paid for a great reform which is taking place. If so, was Russia prepared for such a reform? Undoubtedly she was not; never can a nation leap from a semi-intelligent state, ruled by an absolute monarch, to that of a flourishing Democracy. The masses must be slowly, gradually elevated to that level from which a great Democracy may be controlled.

The suffering in Europe, since the war, has covered nearly the whole continent but it seems to be concentrated among the Austrian and Slavic races. They are in a diplomatic and commercial tumult. So great is their war debt, that their standard money has dropped far below par, and this combined with a scarcity of raw material, has raised the price of clothing and food stuffs, so that the poor are unable

to purchase the necessities of life. Chiefly we pity the starving children since they are but suffering for the sins of their fathers. Ghastly pictures of their suffering, and appeals for aid, are seen almost daily in newspapers and magazines.

How different is the situation in this, our own country, and in the United States. We imagine affairs in a critical state, with our strikes, our unemployment problems and general feeling of unrest. Do we realize how little has been the effect of the World War on the American Continent compared with that of Europe? Our governments are stable, our people well provided for and our industries gathering renewed strength after the blow of the war. Although at times our Labour Unions cause trouble and the unemployed cry out against the Capitalist, yet can any comparison be drawn between our country and those of Eastern and Central Europe? Rather it is a contrast; on one hand our thriving industries, well fed, well dressed individuals and our happy homes. On the other, industry practically dormant, although beginning to re-awaken now, and thousands of starving, hollow-eyed, ragged men, women and children without homes to go to.

Our granaries are overflowing with grain, held by speculators for the purpose of raising its price. Why do we not send food-stuffs to these starving millions?

All the results of the great European upheaval are not tragic, however. Out of the turmoil new states are rising, new countries are growing and new moral standards being adopted. The great Brotherhood movement begun before the war in England, lay dormant until the war had ended, but then it sprang into renewed life. It spread across Europe and has reached America. Enthusiastic support was found for it in the newly formed country Czechoslovakia. In its capital city, Prague, was held the

first great World Brotherhood Convention. The second convention was held about a year ago in the city of Washington, of the United States.

In Italy, we have another example of the changes taking place after the war. Immediately following the war the affairs of state were in a turmoil and out of this grew Revolution. This movement of a year ago, which if continued would have rushed Italy into a state of Bolshevism, has been discontinued.

The reasons for the failure of the Revolution are evident; Italy is neither a geographical, industrial or political unit. The peasants, a peace-loving class, could not bear the thought of a devastating revolution. The shop-buyers were of a similar opinion; but the greatest and most outstanding reason was the industrial situation. The labourers realized that it was impossible to run the manufacturing industries without raw materials and this condemned the revolution even among those who had heretofore upheld it.

Then came the Fascisti movement growing out of the Revolution, but now it is in decline and a desire is growing for a free and ordered state. It is but the swing of the pendulum, the Aftermath of the war. First war, then Revolution, next the Socialistic Fascisti movement, and finally peace and an ordered government.

THE W. O. S. S. A.

The formation of the Western Ontario Secondary Schools Association marks another step towards closer friendship between the high Schools and Collegiates of the western half the province. For years, we have felt the need of such an organization. We have felt the need of greatly strengthening the fellowship which it fosters, but until two years ago we did not seem to have the opportunities for closer association.

The association unites the Secondary Schools west of Toronto and Hamilton in a union for competition both in the activities of the body and the mind. It has left Rugby to be handled by the older provincial union but it holds competition in Boys' and Girls' Basketball, Hockey, Track Events, Debating, Oratory. The share of the S. C. I. in competition for these championships has not been small. At the first track meet held under the auspices of the new union, the S. C. I. captured both Senior and Junior Boys' Trophies. Last year we won the Junior Trophy again and once more we have strong teams competing. This year, we have won the Oratory Trophy and Individual Gold Medal for Boys' Oratory. We have been eliminated this year from the Boys' Basketball and the Hockey Semi-finals but the Girls' Basketball, Track and Debating contests have not yet taken place for the year.

Let us hope that, with such a union to control and promote the activities of our Collegiates in friendly rivalry, amiable relations with our brother schools will always exist and ever grow closer. As well as these relations between schools, many friendships between the individuals will be formed on which they will look back with pleasure in later years. In all our sports now, it will not be simply a matter of fulfilling a schedule; we have a goal to work for, a champion-

ship to win in every department. By comparison with the other schools of the union, we can estimate our own merit in any undertaking. Moreover, the tendency is toward greater interest in all the activities under the jurisdiction of the W. O. S. S. A. and this will inevitably raise the standard of those endeavours to a high level.

Long live the W.O.S.S.A.!

THIS ISSUE.

The Editorial Staff has worked diligently to make this issue "the best ever," and we feel that we have succeeded both in regard to material and quality of reading matter.

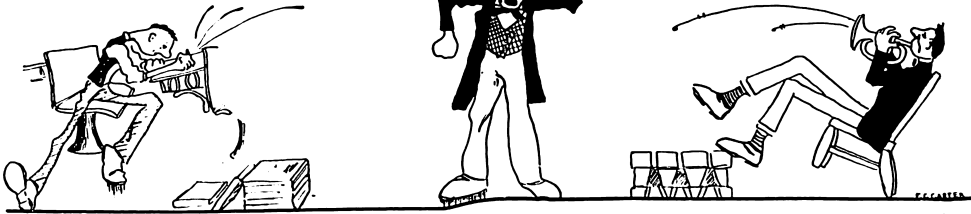
The Advertising Department, despite the present slump in business, is by far the largest in the history of the magazine. Through the success of our Advertising Staff, we are enabled to print the largest magazine the S. C. I. has ever printed.

More cuts and more cartoons have been introduced and almost every department enlarged. Every section, the Advertising Department especially, is more artistically arranged than in previous years.

The success of this issue is due, in large measure, to the hearty co-operation of our printer, Mr. Whitcombe, and his staff.



STUDENT ACTIVITIES



"AT HOME," 1921

Last year, the Executive of the Literary Society decided to make the annual school "At Home" a larger and more pretentious affair than ever before. Accordingly, invitations were issued to many ex-students and the City Hall was engaged for the celebration.

On Friday evening, April 15th, about three hundred students and ex-students of the school assembled in the auditorium of the City Hall. The Patrons and Patronesses for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dent, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. H. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Southcombe and Mr. and Mrs. R. Young.

The decorations were in the school colors—navy blue and white—and were pronounced the prettiest ever seen in the building. Under the capable direction of Neal Gabler, blue and white streamers had been suspended diagonally across

the hall and flags draped along the sides. Ribbons of blue and white hung down from the top of the stage and were festooned at the sides. The letters S. C. I. were worked in white paper ribbon above the orchestra. Palms and parlor lamps added to the decorative appearance of the stage. At the top of the stage decorations, a novel crescent moon held sway during the moonlight dances and its yellow light shone down on the dancers. White stars pinned here and there on the blue background added to effect of the decorations.

Miss Blair Pardee and Charles LeBel were the lucky couple in the lucky number dance and Blair received a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

Refreshments were served about midnight and the Alexandra Orchestra ably kept up the musical side of the merriment until the dance ended at two A.M.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The Collegiate Oratorical Contest was held in the City Hall on the evening of April 16th, 1921. In spite of the inclement weather, the contest was well attended. These annual contests in oratory afford the participants, the number of whom increases yearly, excellent opportunities for speaking in public.

There were five contestants for the prizes in Oratory. The Pardee

Gold Medal was awarded to Theodore Newton for his excellent address on "Freedom." The Silver Medal, donated by the Literary Society, was won by Florence Chong, whose oration on "the Brotherhood of Nations" showed careful preparation and was delivered in a very finished manner. An impressive address on "Women's Place in Politics" was well delivered by Elva Haney. The remaining two orators

were William Donohue and Bruce Carruthers. The former gave a very clear presentation of the Irish Question and the latter expounded "Canada's Future," in a very creditable manner.

The four contestants for elocutionary honours were all girls. The first prize of five dollars, donated by Mr. "Davy" Corcoran, was awarded to Hazel Elnor for her reading entitled "The Clown's Baby." Helen Workman won the second prize, which was donated by the Literary Society. Her reading

"How the La Rue Stakes Were Won" was well received by the audience. The two other competitors in this contest were Doris Lapham and Ursula Logan who gave excellent readings on "The Fire" and "The Revenge" respectively.

Several musical numbers added to the interest of the programme. Some of these were selections on Hawaiian instruments by Miss Helen Fraser and Miss Addie Bennett, a delightful vocal solo by Miss Evelyn Burge and several selections by the School Orchestra.

"THE SENIOR."

On May 7th a large number of talented students made their debut in the theatrical world when the play, "The Senior," was enacted at the Imperial Theatre, under the auspices of the Athletic Society. The play, which was staged before a well-thronged theatre, was repeated by request on June 28th.

Gordon Wainwright (Ted Newton), the son of an old Virginia family, is compelled to keep a lunch-counter so that he may attain a college education. Violet (Hazel Elnor), the cashier, and Bill (Edward Hanna), the waiter, are Wainwright's only assistants. Perry Spencer (Hibbert Corey), "Nick" Meade (George Barge), "Pug" Collins (Stanley Teskey), Dub Duffield (Miles Gordon), students of the college, while very ready to scoff at the lunch-counter proprietor, are, nevertheless, quite willing to eat what he has to offer.

Word comes to Spencer that a cousin, Eleanor Forbes (Rose Simpson), from Virginia, is to arrive on the day of the Senior Hop. Spencer's only hope is to persuade Wainwright to take her to the hop. Of course the latter refuses, but Fate intervenes.

On the day of Eleanor's arrival, a violent electrical storm occurs and Eleanor is forced to seek shelter in Wainwright's restaurant. During

the conversation which ensues, the latter finds out that this is the girl of whom Spencer spoke and he then and there decides that he will go to the Senior Hop.

At the "Hop," a very beautiful dance, which was well received by the admiring public, was executed by the Sylvia Dancers, including Rose Simpson, Ted Newton, Winnifred Bell, Miles Gordon, Bernice Knowles, Kenneth McGibbon, Lucy Cook, Basil LeBel, Bessie Grace, Hibbert Corey, Marion Laschinger, George Barge, Helen Workman, Stanley Teskey, Jean Conn, Bruce Carruthers.

Spencer, during the evening, realizes what a mistake he has made in supposing Eleanor to take an unpolished country cousin, for she is the belle of the ball. But most of the ladies at the ball, including Miss White (Bessie Grace), Peggy Jones (Helen Workman), and Spencer's sister (Marion Laschinger) ignore Wainwright. Spencer, too, endeavours to keep him away from Eleanor, but, when the supper dance arrives, Wainwright, instead of Spencer, carries her off to lunch.

When Eleanor's Aunt Harriet (Winnifred Bell) hears of her niece's acquaintance with a lunch-counter proprietor, she is shocked and, at once, questions her concerning it. Eleanor says she does not

love him and promises to say good-bye and then return to Virginia. But, at the parting, she and Wainwright realize their mutual love and the latter asks her to marry him. The Aunt comes for Eleanor and, finding Wainwright there, speaks to him very coldly. But, when the latter informs her that his mother was Letty Page, a former school-mate of Aunt Harriet's whom she regarded as a perfect gentlewoman, all is changed and, the lunch-counter proprietor carries Eleanor off to be his bride.

Between the first and second acts "Humoresque" was beautifully danced and encored by Bernice Knowles. During the next Entre Acte, Helen Workman delighted the audience with a well-chosen and well-rendered reading. Here, too, the Dixie Dancers (Margaret McKenzie, Verna Kirkpatrick, Charlotte Towers, Olive McGrath, Betty Willson, Alice Callum, Edith Simpson, Norine Sullivan, Dorothy

French) executed their graceful dance which highly pleased the theatre-goers.

The Senior Parade, composed of Jack Currie, Charles Brown, Charles Grace, Charles Woodrow, Russell Harkness, Harry Randolph, Wilfred Miller, Clifford Carter, Orville Johnson, Harry McCobb, Charles Park, Bruce Spears, Cecil Spears and Walter Potter, was extremely funny and brought forth great applause.

However, our real comedians were Violet (Hazel Elnor) and Harvey Beane (Bill Donohue) a former freshman. The laughable escapades of these two greatly delighted the audience.

As a finale to a charming play the company Dancers, and Collegiate Glee Club sang "College Days" very feelingly, while pretty blue and white streamers dropped from above and entwined the singers, making a beautiful closing picture!

R. C. B.

S. C. I. RUGBY BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the S. C. I. Rugby team was held in the Chamber of Commerce Cafe shortly after Easter Holidays, 1921. The customary programme was followed much to the discomfiture of several members of the team who were thus forced to make speeches.

In recognition of the staunch support which he had given the team, the principal, Mr. Brown, was pre-

sented with a bronze reading lamp. A set of pipes and a tobacco pouch were presented to Jack Newton, as a token of the team's appreciation of his invaluable services as coach during the rugby season. Ted Newton was unanimously elected captain of the 1921 Rugby team.

After the banquet, the merry revellers dispersed and honoured some of the local theatres with their noisy patronage.

THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

This year has been one of the most successful years the S. C. I. Literary Society has experienced. A debating league has been formed under the auspices of the W. O. S. S. A., which calls for debating teams from all the High Schools and Collegiates in this part of the province. In the past few years, this phase of academic work has been rather neg-

lected and this year it has been the aim of the Literary Executive to bring it up to standard. Several debates on both interesting and instructive subjects have been enjoyed by the members of the Literary Society. The second year students gave the first debate on "Resolved that Canada is more Beneficial to the British Empire than



STANDING—B. SPEARS, F. DIER, W. DONOHUE, H. ELNOR, C. BROWN, E. HANNA.
SEATED—J. KIRBY, H. SAURWEIN, W. POTTER, (PRESIDENT) B. KNOWLES, J. CONN, G. SIMPSON.

the British possessions in Asia." The next debate, "Resolved that the deepening of the St. Lawrence Channel would be in the best interests of Canada," was given by the fourth year students who delivered their arguments in a very creditable manner. The third debate, "Resolved that raising the Matriculation Standards is in the best interests of Ontario," was particularly interesting to the students. The best debaters in the school will be chosen to represent the S. C. I. in the W. O. S. S. A. Debating League.

The first meeting of the society was held early in September with Ted Newton, the president for the previous year, in the chair. This meeting was entirely devoted to the nomination of officers for the ensuing year, two of which, the hon-

orary president, Miss Harris and the president, Walter Potter, were elected by acclamation. The vote was taken in the various classrooms the next day. Since then, the meetings have been held regularly every two weeks and have been successful in very way.

The musical part of the programmes of the Literary Society meetings has been extremely good this year although it is regretted that no Glee Club has been organized. The School Orchestra has greatly added to the "pep" of the meetings and the grant of the Literary Society to them for the purpose of buying music has been more than repaid by the excellent numbers which the Orchestra provides at nearly every meeting. An amendment has been made to the

constitution of the Literary Society in order to provide for a regular pianist.

So far this year, there has been but one outside speaker, Mr. Thos. H. Cook, who addressed the Society on behalf of the hospital campaign and appealed to the students for assistance in this drive.

The Senior Literary Society is the largest and most influential student organization in the school. Besides bringing to Sarnia, for the benefit of the students and citizens in general, famous and intellectual men, such as our Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, the society backs the Athletic Associations, including the Rugby and Basket-ball teams. Aided by the staff, it also selects the executive of the "Collegiate" magazine.

The officers elected for the present year are as follows:—

Hon. Pres.—Miss M. Harris.

President—Walter Potter.

Vice-Pres.—Helen Saurwein.

Secretary—William Donohue.

Treasurer—Ed. Hanna.

School Reporter—George Simpson.

Pianist—Bernice Knowles.

FORM REPRESENTATIVES:

Upper School—J. Conn, B. Spears

Form 4A—H. Elnor, J. Kirby.

Form 4B—F. Dier, C. Brown.

Form 3A—H. Workman, C. Grace

Form 3B—M. Watson, R. Wilkinson.

Form 3C—Grace Bedard.

Form 2A—I. Misner, D. MacKenzie.

Form 2B—O. McGrath, C. Pollard

Form 2C—I. Nichols, L. Hallam.

Form 2D—Katherine Heffron.

Form 2E—Teresa Tobin.

THE FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

The evening of the Freshettes' Reception was rainy as usual. It always seems as though in dampening the spirits of the first formers, the weather were vying with the sophomores, who are permitted to wear the dignified title of "Senior" for the occasion and who are only too eager to take their turn at 'mciating" the freshies.

In this chilling atmosphere, the freshies arrived with their senior escorts, though the rattle of silver and china, and the bulky parcels of "good eats" were slightly encouraging.

For purposes of identification the freshettes were compelled to wear a black shoe and white stocking, and a white shoe and black stocking. They were also required to wear their hair down and to decorate it with a green ribbon. The purpose is quite obvious. We wonder why several of the more youthful seniors were so careful to do their hair up on this particular occasion.

The taste displayed by the decoration committee was a revelation.

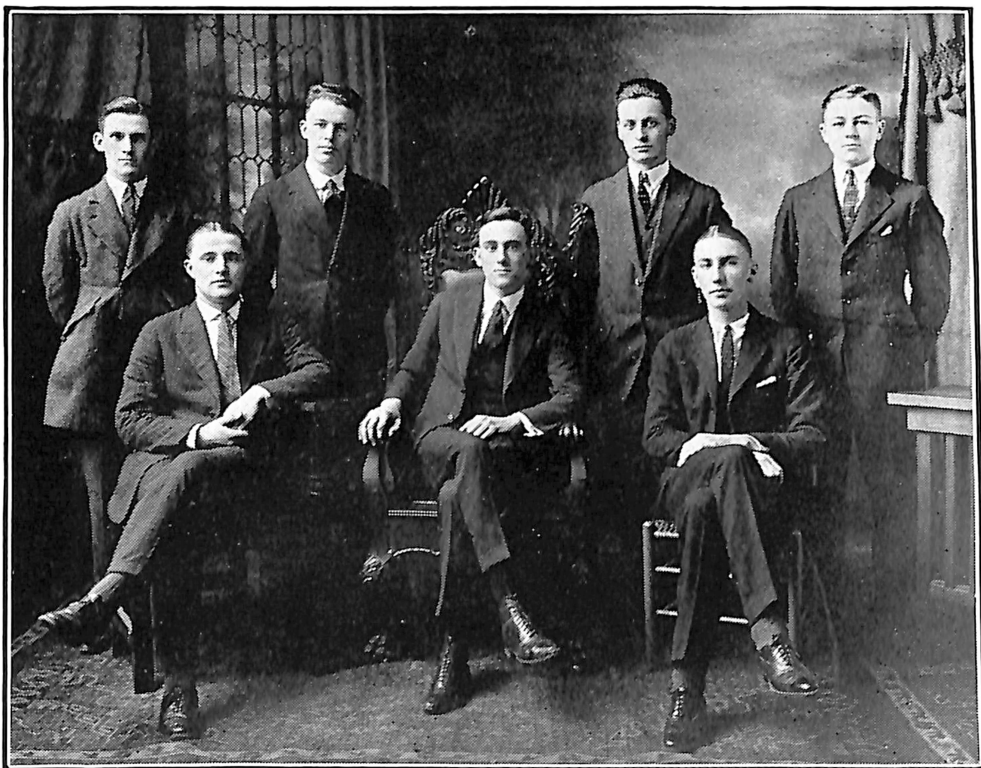
Their scheme of decoration was entirely original and exceedingly beneficial to the guests of the evening in that it necessitated a great stretch of imagination. We trust that the freshettes were duly impressed.

The quaking freshettes stumbled up to the Assembly Hall where they were "put through their paces," the "star" performers receiving appropriate prizes which we have no doubt they value very highly. The evening's events were amusing to freshie and senior alike and the hall echoed and re-echoed with hearty laughter.

The event of the evening was a novelty race in which only the five freshette teachers were allowed to participate.

At the conclusion of the program, refreshments were served after which the freshettes were escorted home, having won the respect of the senior girls by their true sportsmanlike behaviour, and having won also the right to be called full-fledged members of the S. C. I.

THE BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



STANDING—J. CURRIE, H. RANDOLPH, D. BENTLEY, L. WEMPLE.

SEATED—J. RICHARDSON, W. DONOHUE (PRESIDENT), O. JOHNSON

Soon after the fall term commenced, at a general meeting of the Boys' Athletic Association, the following officials were elected for the year:

President—W. Donohue.

Vice-Pres.—J. Richardson.

Secretary—O. W. Johnson.

Treasurer—D. Bentley.

During the present year the B. A. has been one of the most active bodies in the school. Shortly after its re-organization, it co-operated with the G. A. A. in planning the annual field meet, which proved one of the most successful track events of recent years.

With the money derived from the school play, "The Senior," the association started the season with a substantial sum in the treasury. As soon as the rugby season opened,

the association supplied the team with football jerseys and socks, and for the first time in the history of the school, the rugby team appeared in uniform garb.

The rugby trips proved a heavy drain on the finances of the association, and, in spite of the temporary relief obtained by the sale of membership tickets, the funds of the treasury soon became sadly depleted. An appeal to the business men of the city met with an immediate and generous response and sufficient money was raised to enable the team to carry its season to a successful finish.

The purchase of basketball jerseys and sticks for the hockey team filled sadly needed wants. All the sport of the school is controlled and financed by the Athletic Associa-

tion, and this year the society is having one of the most successful years of its existence.

The form representatives to the Executive are:—

Upper School—J. Currie.

Form 4B—L. Wemple.

Form 4A—H. Randolph.

Form 3A—H. VanHorne.

Form 3B—E. Kennedy.

Form 2C—H. Harkins.

Form 2B—E. Robinson.

Form 2A—F. Pugh.

Form 1D—J. McKeown.

Form 1C—D. McKay.

Form 1B—J. Burgess.

Form 1A—R. Brown.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

This society is composed of the first year students of the school and is quite independent of the Senior organization. It was organized last year and has held several very successful meetings.

The first meeting of the present term was held shortly after the opening of the fall session, for the purpose of electing new officers. It was presided over by the retiring president, Don McKay. The various offices were keenly contested. As a result of the elections held a few days later, the successful candidates are:

Honorary Pres.—Miss Arnold.

President—R. Brown.

Vice-Pres.—J. Burgess.

Secretary—W. Richardson.

Treasurer—I. Taylor.

School Reporter—D. Macklin.

Pianist—F. Hieby.

The form representatives are:—

1A—H. Barnes.

1B—C. McPhail.

1C—A. Randolph.

1D—F. Nichol.

1E—M. Hackney.

Several meetings have been held this term and some very interesting programmes have been provided by the energetic executive. These programmes do much towards developing the oratorical and elocutionary talents of the students. The enthusiasm and enterprise displayed by the members of the society in carrying out the work of the organization, prove that the freshmen appreciate the opportunity given them to accomplish things on their own initiative.

FORM CLUBS.

Freshman.

In all of the first year forms Supplementary Reading clubs have been formed for the purpose of reviewing books read during the year. These clubs are efficiently organized, each having a president, a vice-president and a secretary-treasurer. The programmes are put on by the members of the club and consist mainly of oral reports on books on fiction, history, biography and poetry. A critic is appointed for each meeting.

Several of the first year forms also have Oral Composition Clubs. This year the attention of these clubs has been chiefly devoted to

debates and as a result several of the first year students have become promising debaters. In these clubs, all the students obtain experience in speaking before an audience and the interest and enthusiasm evinced by the freshies show that they appreciate this opportunity to develop their oratorical abilities.

Sophomore.

The second year students display the same zeal in their form clubs as the freshies do in theirs and with their added experience the sophomore clubs prove very successful. As the officers of the clubs are changed semi-yearly, several of the students have the opportunity to

obtain experience in presiding over public meetings. The impromptu speeches held in these club meetings do much to develop quick and logical thinking, as well as giving the students the self-confidence which is so essential to successful speakers.

Senior.

Supplementary Clubs have been organized in each of the fourth year forms. The chief purpose of

these clubs is to afford the student an opportunity for reviewing his supplementary reading books. Another function, however, is to enable the pupils to give prepared and impromptu speeches, and, in this way, the clubs fulfil the purpose of Oral Composition Clubs. Some very interesting speeches and several book reviews have been delivered and it is hoped that some debates may be arranged before the close of the school term.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



BACK ROW—H. Elnor, E. Dicer, H. Workman, T. Richardson. FRONT ROW—F. Grace, F. Buckindail (President), A. Mitton, J. Conn.

Shortly after the opening of the fall term, a meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association was held for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. The various offices were keenly contested, the successful candidates being:—

President—Florence Buckindail.
Vice-Pres.—Frances Grace.

Secretary—Hazel Elnor.

Treasurer—Jean Conn.

Each form is represented on the executive by one member.

Upper School—Anna Mitton.

Form 4A—Thelma Richardson.

Form 4B—Ella Dicer.

Form 3A—Anna Vollmer.

Form 3B—Helen Workman.

Form 2A—Dorothy French.
 Form 2B—Olive McGrath.
 Form 2C—Helen Fraser.
 Form 1A—Florence Nicols.
 Form 1B—Kathleen Hastings.
 Form 1C—Alice Richardson.
 Form 1D—Vivian Gigax.

Commercial:

Form 3C—Gladys Luckhurst.
 2D—Winnifred Roberts.
 2E—Beatrice Turner.
 1E—Nellie Gordon.

Through the G. A. A. the girls arrange their athletic and social activities. This year the organization adopted a school uniform. The uniform proper is pleated skirt and a navy blue middy with the school crest on the left sleeve, but, in the warmer weather, white and blue middies may be worn. The measure came into effect on November first.

The annual field day and the freshettes' reception occupied the attention of the association during the fall term. Now, basket-ball is having its turn. That there seems

to be greater interest than ever this year in basket-ball is brought out by the fact that two schedules are now occupying the attention of the Athletic Association. The first provides for an inter-form championship and the second is for the championship of Western Ontario. It is expected that a third schedule will be drawn up for an inter-year championship at the conclusion of the inter-form schedule.

The school board has purchased a Victrola for the Assembly Hall, to be used for drill purposes. The subscription which was taken up among the girls in the fall for this purpose is to be used to buy records for the machine. This is a distinct advantage in the drill classes, in that it is not necessary for different girls to act as pianists, and all may take part in the drills and folk-dances.

The members of the organization are anticipating several paper chases and hikes to take place in the spring.

THE RADIO CLUB.

This club was formed last year for the purpose of bringing together those students of the school who were interested in wireless communication. Meetings were held every Tuesday in the Science Room and here the enthusiastic amateurs gathered to discuss the latest inventions and developments in the radio world. These meetings were devoted to the practice of the continental code and radio abbreviations and, through the experience thus obtained, many of the members of the club can now transact radio communication with the speed and accuracy of professional operators.

The wireless set purchased and installed through the kindness of the Board of Education, shortly before the Summer holidays, consists of a combined short and long wave regenerative with detector and two sets of amplification. This set is similar to those in use in other Col-

legiates and High Schools and the results obtained have been highly satisfactory. The correct time is obtained daily from Arlington and thus the school clock is kept well regulated.

Soon after the beginning of the term, it was found that all the members of the school club were also members of the Border Cities' Radio Club, an organization between Sarnia and Port Huron. Since the work and purpose of the two clubs were almost identical, it was considered unadvisable to continue the school club. Lately however the Border Cities' Club has broken up on account of the difficulty in arranging meeting places convenient to members from both sides of the St. Clair. If a Radio Club is not soon formed in the city, the S. C. I. club will in all probability be reorganized and its profitable work be resumed during the coming term.

DANCES FOR VISITING TEAMS

During the past few years it has become a custom of the S. C. I. to entertain visiting teams by giving dances in their honour. Throughout the present year this procedure was continued and the successful dances put on by the Rugby and Basket-ball teams have been one of the most important factors in earning for the school its enviable reputation for sportsmanship.

The first visiting team to play the school Rugby team was the London Elks. Following the game, a dance was held in the Knights of Columbus Hall. The affair was well attended by members of both teams and enjoyable music and abundant refreshments did much towards making the evening a success. The

other teams visiting the school, in whose honour dances were held, were Rugby teams from St. Thomas, Galt and Toronto, and Basketball teams from Strathroy and Chatham. With the exception of the dance in honour of the London Elks, all the dances have been held in the Assembly Hall, by the kind permission of the Board of Education.

These dances have done a great deal toward cultivating the feeling of friendship and good-will which exists between Sarnia Collegiate and the schools it has played, and the appreciation expressed by members of the visiting teams has amply repaid the school for its hospitality.

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

On Tuesday evening, December the twentieth, 1921, the annual commencement exercises were held in the auditorium of the City Hall. As usual, this event attracted a large crowd of enthusiastic supporters of the S. C. I. and the hall was filled to capacity.

Besides the presentation of prizes and diplomas, which is, of course, the event of the evening, the audience enjoyed several musical numbers, drills, and folk-dances.

Acceptable piano solos were played by Misses Bernice Knowles and Dorothy French and Messrs. Lester Wemple and Lynn Myers gave an excellent piano duet. A violin solo by Miss Leila Fraser and a vocal duet by Misses Winnifred Bell and Frieda Taylor completed the programme.

The novel number of the programme was a drill by the boys of the school under the excellent direction of Mr. Winhold. It was the first of its kind ever put on at the Commencement Exercises and was enthusiastically applauded by the audience.

Three groups of folk-dances followed. The first group under Miss Nicol's direction danced the "Irish Lilt." Miss Oakes had charge of the second group which gave, in costume, a clever interpretation of a Village Dance. The third and last group which was trained by Miss DeFoe, danced, in colonial costume, a group of three dances. "The Minuet," "The Schottische" and "Sir Roger de Coverly."

The one thing lacking to make this one of the most successful commencement exercises in the history of the school was a Valedictory Address, which is usually one of the principal features of the evening. We deeply regret this unfortunate circumstance and hope the Alumni will not allow it to occur again.

One of the most interesting events of the evening was the presentation of a silver cup donated by Mr. W. T. Goodison, to the members of the S. C. I. Rugby Team. He expressed his appreciation of the honour which the team had gained for both the school and the city by winning the Dominion In-

terscholastic Championship. Ted Newton, on behalf of the team, thanked Mr. Goodison and all others who had supported the team in the season just ended.

The list of those who received awards is as follows:—

UPPER SCHOOL:

Carter Scholarships for Lambton County—First, value \$100, Russell Harkness. Second, value \$60, Alice Callum. Third, value \$40, Margaret McLean.

FOURTH YEAR:

First place in the year—\$10 prize presented by Mrs. W. J. Hanna—Carl Lawrence.

First place in Latin—\$5 prize presented by Dr. Bell—Bruce Caruthers.

THIRD YEAR:

First place in the year—\$10 prize presented by Col. Towers—Lester Wemple.

First place in Science—\$5 prize presented by F. J. Morris, Esq.—Norris Burgess.

SECOND YEAR:

First place in the Matriculation Course—\$5 prize presented by Mrs. W. J. Hanna—Charlotte Towers.

First place in the Teacher's Course—\$5 prize presented by Mrs. W. J. Hanna—Jean Woodwark.

FIRST YEAR:

First place in the year—\$5 prize presented by Mrs. W. J. Hanna—Lloyd Hallam.

Shield for best student in first year—Lloyd Hallam.

ORATORY:

First—Pardee Gold Medal—Ted Newton.

Second—Literary Society Medal—Florence Chong.

ELOCUTION:

First prize—\$5 donated by Mr. D.

Corcoran—Hazel Elnor.

Second Prize—\$2 donated by Literary Society—Helen Workman.

ATHLETIC HONORS:

Western Ontario Junior Track Championship

Won at London on May 24th. Trophy presented by the London Chamber of Commerce. Team: Donald McKay, Robert Wilkinson, Edward Kennedy, Ernest Williams, Eddie Robinson, Kenneth Robinson, Stanley Manore, Fred Pugh.

Interscholastic Rugby Championship of Canada—

Won at Woodstock on December 10th, by defeating the University of Toronto Schools. Special trophy presented by W. T. Goodison, Esq. Team—T. Newton (captain), R. Hayes, N. Gabler, F. Pugh, H. Corey, C. Garvie, S. Manore, J. Richardson, D. Bentley, G. Simpson, E. Hanna, B. Spears, W. Donohue, W. Potter, E. Robinson, H. Randolph, C. Park, F. Simpson.

FIELD DAY AWARDS:

Senior Form Championship—Shield—Form 3B.

Junior Form Championship—Shield—Form 2C.

Senior Individual Championship—Shield—Geo. Simpson.

INDIVIDUAL MEDALS:

Presented by the Board of Education:

Boys—Senior Champion — George Simpson.

Junior Champion — Eddie Robinson.

Girls — Senior Champion — Helen Fraser.

Junior Champion — Reta Finn.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RUGBY CLUB.

This club was organized by the members of the O. R. F. U. Championship team of '20. Its purpose is to establish a permanent bond be-

tween the men of the S. C. I. who have played together on the Rugby field. It is probable that in future years, when other memories of our

high school days have grown dim, that this club will remain as a connecting link, recalling to us the happy years spent in the S. C. I.

During the Christmas Holidays of this year, the club held a banquet to which the members of the Dominion Championship Team of '21 were invited. At this meeting a motion was unanimously carried that the members of the championship team of '21 be included in the membership of the original club. A com-

mittee was appointed to make arrangements for the next banquet of the club which is to be held in 1923. After this business had been transacted, speeches by the members of the club concluded a very pleasant evening.

Besides the members of the two teams, the following guests were present: Mr. C. L. Brown, Mr. W. T. Goodison, Mr. D. M. Grant, Coach Jack Newton and Mr. "Davy" Corcoran.

THE ORCHESTRA.



STANDING—H. FRASER, T. NEWTON, W. CARTER, F. PUGH, H. REID, L. FRASER. SITTING—R. FLYNN, M. LUCAS, F. TAYLOR, I. MISNER, C. GRACE.

Early in October, the school Orchestra was organized for the year with all members of last year's orchestra and several new pieces. Due to a liberal grant from the Literary Society, the orchestra has been able to buy a greater variety of suitable music and also a number of stands. Under the capable direction of Mr.

Brush, practice has been held faithfully once a week all term. Miss Helen Saurwein has assisted the orchestra in the capacity of soloist in some of the numbers presented.

The orchestra this year has proved to be the best for many years past and has greatly aided the Executive of the Literary Society in giv-

ing the students attractive programs.

The personnel is as follows:—

Piano—Frieda Taylor.

Violins—Leila Fraser, Inez Misner, Mildred Lucas, Charles Grace.

Cello—R. Flynn.

Banjo—Helen Fraser.

Mandolin—Ted Newton.

Clarinet—H. Reid.

Cornets—Wilbert Carter, Fred Pugh.

Soloist—Helen Saurwein.

“THE MAID OF FRANCE.”

On the evening of Wednesday, February the 22nd, the Upper School staged a play entitled “The Maid of France.” Unfortunately, the performance was not open to the general public owing to the insufficient seating accommodation of the Assembly Hall and only students were admitted. The exorbitant sum of ten cents was charged to pay for the costumes used in the play.

In the play, the statue of Jeanne d’Arc, or the Maid of France, whose rather difficult role was extremely well taken by Jean Conn, is supposed to have the power of speech and motion for a short space of time on Christmas Eve.

A French Poilu, Keith Watson, whose home, like Jeanne’s, is Domremy, has come to the square to hear Jeanne speak. In the hope that she might speak to him, a “chic” little Flower-girl, Helen Saurwein, gives him a white lily to place at Jeanne’s feet. An embarrassed British Lieutenant, Charlie Woodrow, lays a wreath of holly at the foot of Jeanne d’Arc. Shortly afterwards, a Tommy, Jack Currie, on his way back to the trenches, wanders into the square to rest. He and the Frenchman fall asleep at the base of Jeanne’s statue. Jeanne does come to life and cannot understand how France, for whom she fought, and England, against whom she fought, and who burned her at the stake, could be on such friendly, and even brotherly, terms. It remained for the two soldiers to explain the situation to her,—under what circumstances the two countries had join-

ed forces and fought side by side. When Jeanne d’Arc fully understands, she seals the friendship between France and England by placing over her helmet the simple British wreath of Christmas holly.

The quarrel scene from Shakespeare’s Julius Caesar, in pantomime was another feature of the evening. The principal roles, those of Brutus and Cassius, were cleverly interpreted by Ted Newton and Bill Donohue. The costumes for this act, while in keeping with the period, might almost be termed “Splashy.” It was a howling success.

Two much appreciated selections were played by the String Trio, consisting of Leila Fraser, tenor banjo; Bernice Knowles, taropatch, and Ted Newton, Mandolin.

Mlle. Mary Garden Stirret delighted the audience with a very beautiful solo, in pantomime, and was heartily applauded. She was accompanied by the accomplished pianist, Mlle. Paderewski Kaupp. Miss Stirret received a magnificent bouquet of rhubarb.

The last and perhaps the most enthusiastically applauded musical number on the programme was a selection by the Upper School Orchestra. This orchestra is composed of all the members of Upper School and consists of some twenty pieces, among which are everything from a flute to a bassoon. Each musician is a pastmaster of his individual instrument and under the able direction of Professor Currie are equalled only by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, in appearance.

THE W. O. S. S. A. ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The W. O. S. S. A. is an organization composed of the High Schools and Secondary Schools of Western Ontario. For the purpose of encouraging and developing oratory in the various schools, this association arranged for an oratorical contest between the schools of the association. The elimination contest for this district was held in the S. C. I. Assembly Hall on Feb. 21, 1922, between the representatives from the Petrolia High School and the Sarnia Collegiate. Mr. Steadman, the Petrolia representative delivered an interesting address on "Hydro Electric Development in Ontario." The S. C. I. was represented by Ted Newton, whose address on the subject of "Peace" won for him the judges' decision from his competitor.

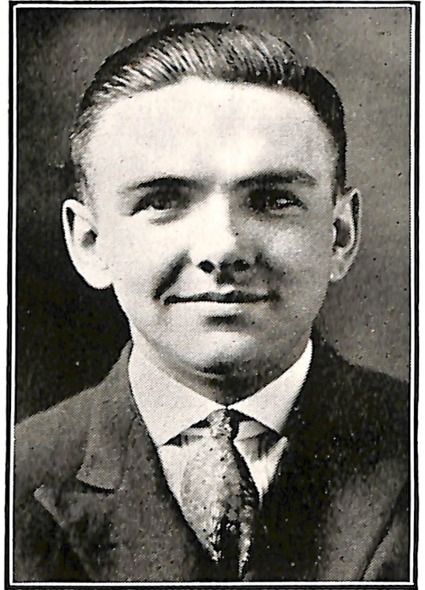
The finals of the contest were held in Brantford on Feb. 24, 1922. The speeches of the winners from the six districts were delivered by the representatives of the various winning schools. Ted Newton was awarded first prize and received a gold medal from the association.

The judges of the contest were Professor Auden of Western University, Mr. Raymond, M.P., and Mr. Race, Principal of Brantford School for the Blind. After Prof. Auden had announced the decision, Mr. A. M. Overholt, M.A., former principal of Sarnia Collegiate, presented the winner with the gold medal. The school will later receive a trophy, emblematic of the honors won by the S. C. I. representative. As a token of their appreciation, the Sarnia Board of Education generously presented Ted with a gold watch and chain.

In the girls' contest held in

Windsor on the same date, the Sarnia School was represented by Miss Florence Chong. Although Florence was awarded no prize, her speech was very highly spoken of by the judges of the contest. The winner of the girls' contest was the representative of the Windsor Collegiate.

—o—



Ted Newton, alias "Rector" legally known as Theodore Francis Moorehouse Newton, the winner of the W. O. S. S. A. medal for oratory in Western Ontario, captain of the rugby team, captain of the cadet corps, ex-president of the Literary Society and a member of the orchestra. The only time we ever knew him to be disagreeable was about the insertion of this picture in the magazine.

H. S. and B. S.—Associate Editors.





The Cadet Inspection, 1921, held on the campus of the New Collegiate, was the largest and most successful inspection an S. C. I. Cadet Corps has ever had. After weeks of patient drilling, the one hundred and eighty odd cadets of the school were pronounced ready for the eventful day. Owing to a lack of uniforms, the corp was forced to borrow a number of uniforms from Stratford C. I. and their blue uniforms with red stripes contrasted noticeably with our own khaki uniforms. The uniform of the bugle band and signallers which consisted of the blue tunic and white duck trousers, which was formerly the standard school cadet uniform, also added considerably to the variety of the color scheme.

The corps assembled at the old Collegiate on the afternoon of inspection, and, with the bugle band in the lead, marched through the business section of the city to the campus of the new school. A large crowd of pupils and citizens had already gathered to witness the inspection. Company drill, platoon drill, extended order work, rifle drill and physical drill were reviewed in quick succession. Then the corps was drawn up in platoons while Colonel McCrimmon selected Charles Brown as the best-dressed cadet on parade. The inspector then complimented the corps on its drill and told of plans for Cadet Camp in the holidays.

The officers in charge were: Captain Stanley Teskey; Lieutenants Ted Newton, Kenneth McGibbon, Ross Hayes, Basil LeBel. These

officers were personally complimented by Colonel McCrimmon. He was also highly pleased with the Bugle Band and Signalling corp.

Bugle Band and Signalling Corps.

The Bugle Band grows steadily from year to year and last year its ranks were swelled to a greater total than ever before. It comprised twelve bugles, six kettle drums and the bass drum. Fred Pugh, as Band Sergeant, was in command.

Sergeant Scott was in charge of the signalling corps which had an excellent enrollment of sixteen members. The corps was well trained and a credit to their officer.

Cadet Dance 1921.

One of the pleasant memories Inspection Day always leaves is that of the Cadet Dance and last year was no exception. The dance was held in the Assembly Hall on the evening of Inspection Day, after the dust of the parade ground had been brushed from scores of cadet shoes. The hall was crowded with dancing figures and, though the khaki-clad male element had undergone a strenuous afternoon, they, strangely enough, did not seem to be too tired to dance.

Cadet Camp 1921

About twenty members of the S. C. I. Cadet Corps took advantage of the opportunity to camp for a couple of weeks last summer at Carling Heights, London. Here they were given a taste of military camp life. Along with about two thousand other boys, they were sheltered in three or four hundred tents. Each cadet received a plate, cup, spoon, and

knife, two blankets and a rubber sheet. The cooking was done in the usual military style and no call was more welcome to the boys than the "Grub" call.

The order of the day, which lasted from 5.30 A.M. to 1.00 P.M. was somewhat as follows: Prayers; breakfast, physical training, route march, section drill, rifle drill and just before dinner camp was cleaned. Dinner over, they were given the afternoon off, which they spent in any way they pleased.

Returning to camp, they had supper and after supper were treated to open air movies, through the kindness of the Y.M.C.A.

The S. C. I. squad was commanded by Lieut. F. Pugh and Sergeant C. Park. It is hoped and fully expected that, if a camp is held again this year, many more will take advantage of the opportunity.

Armistice Day 1921

Armistice Day 1921, marked the

unveiling in Victoria Park, of the war memorial to the Sarnia Soldiers.

The S.C.I. Cadet Corps was asked to participate in the parade along with the other military organizations of the city, and accepted the invitation.

The corps was not at full strength but nevertheless it materially assisted in the parade. The parade marched from the City Hall to the Park where the men stood and listened to the unveiling service. F. Pugh placed the wreath representing the S.C.I. on the statue. After the service, the corps dispersed.

Officers 1922

The officers for the Cadet Corps for 1922 will be: Captain, Ted Newton; Lieutenants, R. Hayes, J. Currie, H. Corey, O. Johnson. These officers are well acquainted with their duties and will, no doubt, carry out their responsibilities in a manner befitting the trust reposed in them.



SUNSET ON LAKE HURON.

The sun is low in the sky and shades of gold and orange flood the west. A hint of rose fringes the golden mass. Every minute the pink changes to a deeper shade. All is still except for the sleepy twitter of a bird. In the mirror of the lake, the colours are reflected in a riotous dance.

The ever-changing colours now seem yielding to a glowing rose. Afar in the sky it looks as if a painter had tipped over his choicest box of paint. A violet light is

threaded in and out, as if by an unseen hand. Farther off, the clouds are lined with pink and silver.

Now the sun dips into the water, a great, red orb. A few arrow-like sunbeams shine across the dancing waters. Twilight is stealing over the land and nothing breaks the silence but the lapping of the waves.

And now the sun is gone! All the beautiful tints have faded away and of the wonderful splendour nothing is left but the memory.

—FLORENCE SMITH, 1B.



The next time that you see Helen S. just say to her, "Now, if you do—". You are hereby warned to wear a six inch cast iron mask as protection from hatpins and other feminine weapons.

* * * *

You would naturally think that a blackened optic decorated with a pound of beefsteak would be somewhat repulsive to the weaker sex but—Well, you saw Fred yourself.

* * * *

What delicate constitutions our Lit. critics possess. How delightful it must be to be able to take convulsions or an internal hemorrhage just when one so desires.

* * * *

Remarkable thing, wasn't it, that the magazine which the Duchess threw out into the audience in "A Royal Cut-Up" should land fair and square in the arms of John Richardson. P.S.—Nothing remarkable about it.

* * * *

We are very glad to see that an Upper School maiden has taken some brotherly advice and the blinds are lowered on certain nights of the week in a North Ward home.

* * * *

Speculation ran rife for some time last Fall as to what the London G.T.R. Buffet did without their cowbell for two days.

* * * *

Inside "dope" is wanted as to how "Daggers" Spears got his nick-name.

* * * *

Contributed by two separate Upper School youths:

"Who is the Upper School lad who considers himself such a masher?"

"Who is the Upper School youth who boasts to be such a knockout with the weaker sex?"

Draw your own conclusions. We did.

* * * *

Why doesn't Kay Clark bring her wild and woolly cowboy home and show him off?

* * * *

A fair 4A damsel contributes the following: "We have it **on good authority** that Glead Workman has developed into a cave man."

Sounds suspiciously like a case of the old adage, "Experience is the best teacher."

* * * *

But for intimidation by the party concerned, Harry deBeaumont Randolph would have given us a choice tit-bit about "Buzz" Hayes. As it is, we can give some good guesses.

It appears that the account of a bank robbery in Wyoming aroused more excitement in some minds around the school than in others.

* * * *

Here's a deep one. Doesn't a realized ambition give one a wonderful feeling of satisfaction?

* * * *

For a minute study of remarkable facial expression, please notice the pussycat grin on Ed Hanna in the Rugby group. Also observe the darling dimple in Tubby Parks' chin.

* * * *

We wonder why Rose blushed when "Oh, Mr. N——, you are so strong," was flashed on the screen at the Crescent.

* * * *

We also wish to know why the fire went out at Little Lake for lack of attention by the stoker and why Stoker and Co. remembered to forget their skates.

* * * *

Talk about the stubbornness of infatuated men! Gabler had them all beaten one Sunday night in London. Reason: A dark-haired girl from St. Thomas.

* * * *

Information has just been received from Woodstock that the Chinaman has recently finished scraping the potatoes off the walls of the Canton Cafe.

* * * *

Reports indicate that Violet Campbell is doing much better work since a certain individual in 3B left that form to follow the plough once more.

* * * *

Wanted: Knowledge as to who really did finish the London Road pavement. Five different S. C. I. youths claim to have put the finishing touches on the highway.

* * * *

Is it true that there is a double significance in Wyn's favorite expression, "For the love of John!"

* * * *

Has anyone noticed Norm. Taylor stepping out lately and dogging the footsteps of a fair Commercialite?

* * * *

We wish to express our high estimation of all those who pay their debts and we wonder why there are some people who don't.

* * * *

Our Boys' Sport Editor surely does lay bare the secrets of his heart when he enters the Editor's sanctum with incriminating placards still pinned to his back.

* * * *

Who are the three 4A young ladies who incessantly laud the actions of certain members of the Bearcats?

* * * *

Mr. Grant is the authority for saying that even on the coldest of days Gabler manages to keep warm by changing his seat and basking in the sunshine of Betty Willson's smile.

* * * *

No, Tubby, just because you were a marker at Cadet Camp at London is no proof that you're going to be a brigadier general.

* * * *

Talk about Ted Lewis' Jazz Band, our jazz whistle orchestra at the Basketball dances would make it sound like a squeaky Ford.

What was all the excitement when a fair curly-headed sophomore trustfully waited for a certain big handsome brute from 4A to fix her skate?

* * * *

We claim to posses the acme of harmony—two Soles with but a single thought and that thought—wireless.

* * * *

We suggest that Wilfred Miller bring a private secretary to school to look after his extensive correspondence while he pursues the elusive diploma.

* * * *

Did the members of the Rugby team ever hear this one before, "I think you've got the wrong par-ty?"

* * * *

You surely do take the Eskimo Pie, Tom, for taste in bathing suits—especially when wearing a green one several sizes too small at a certain marshmallow roast.

* * * *

We are surprised and deeply shocked at John Goodison's reference to bathing suits in Cuba on his return from that country.

* * * *

The Editor here contributes this established maxim:—"It's no use arguing with Associate Editors. They won't allow anything to be thrown out."

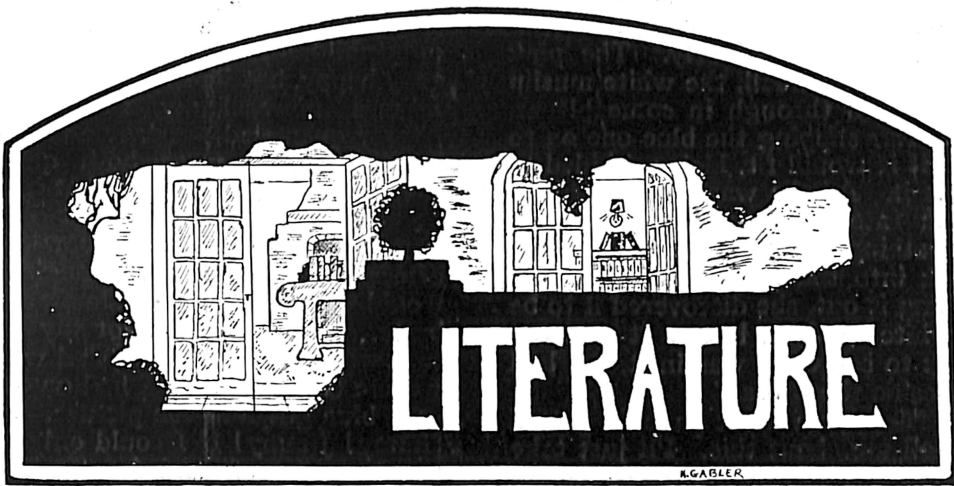
* * * *

Does anyone know who is the dear child that comes out with, "Dear Boob, I am writing you today—?"



MR GRANT'S OPINION
OF
MOST OF U.S.





The committee of judges, composed of Miss Harris, Miss Arnold and Mr. Grant, awarded the medals offered by "The Collegiate" for Literature as follows:

Prize Story, "Reunited"	-	-	-	-	Frances Dier
Prize Essay, "Little Things"	-	-	-	-	Keith Watson
Prize Poem, "Vale"	-	-	-	-	Ted Newton

These medals will be presented at next Commencement.

REUNITED

CHAPTER I.

HELEN Doyle hummed merrily as she pushed open the cheaking door of the old garret. The room was small and rather dark, and save for a dusty trunk, a small three-legged stool, and an old spinning wheel, and a strip of faded carpet, it was destitute of furnishings. At the far end the light was glimmering but faintly through a small window, for it was now almost six o'clock. Helen raised the window, sending a sleepy spider scurrying for shelter, pulled the stool over to the side of the trunk and sat down. The maple trees waved their soft plumes at her through the window, and the gentle autumn breeze fanned her cheeks.

"Life certainly has its happy sides as well as the sad," she thought to herself, as she lifted the lid of the trunk.

Helen was a nurse in a charity

hospital and knew something of the sad side of life. She was at present taking advantage of her "afternoon off" to look up an old-fashioned costume for that night's party. But once the trunk was opened, her own joys and sorrows seemed to fade away, and she was transported to scenes of fifty years previous. The faint, sweet odours of lavender drifted through the room, as the quaint old-fashioned garments were lifted one by one from the trunk. Yellowed envelopes and faded tin-types dropped from the folds of the dresses. Odd bits of lace and ribbons were tucked away in corners, and old bonnets and shoes came to light in unexpected places. Many a time, as a child, had Helen heard the story of each, and she lingered over them now, recalling these tales one by one. The light was almost gone when at last she remembered her real errand. She

picked up three dresses and took them over to the window, to examine them more closely. The pink one was too small, the white muslin was worn through in some places, so, after slipping the blue one on to see if it would fit, Helen decided to take it. As she was putting things back into the trunk, she touched something hard, pushed carefully back into the farthest corner. On taking it out, she discovered it to be a white tin box, but as it was too dark to see what was in it, she laid it beside the dress.

"Grandma must have forgotten to tell me about this. I'll just take it down with me, and she can tell me about it while I fix my dress," she said to herself, as she hastily finished re-packing the trunk.

"Well, my dear, did you get what you wanted?" asked the old lady, as Helen seated herself in a large chair before the living-room grate, after dinner.

"Yes, Grandma, I did. It's going to do beautifully when I fix it up a little. See!"

"Why, yes, Helen, that's the little blue dress I wore when I first met your grandfather."

Helen laughed. She also was going to meet her lover that night, but not for the first time.

"By the way, Grandma, look what I found in your trunk. You never told me about it, did you?"

"No, my dear, but I will now," answered the old lady with a sad note in her voice.

She took the box, and lifted out the little articles, carefully and tenderly. There was a worn baby shoe, a small boy's cap, a well-fingered "Robinson Crusoe," a pen-knife, a few marbles and a sling-shot.

"These were my little brother Jimmy's, Helen," she said.

"Is he dead, Grandma?"

"I don't know, my dear." She stopped, but as she saw the puzzled and rather shocked expression on her granddaughter's face, she hastened to add, "Of course, that's the end of the story. I'll tell you the

rest now. Jimmy was three years younger than I, and we were the only children. Our childhood was very happy, but just the year before I was married, my father and Jimmy quarreled over some trifling matter. They were both quick-tempered, and said things that could never be recalled. Jim went away that night and we never saw him afterwards. My parents thought he would come back, but I knew him better. He had asked for my picture when he went away, and when I come to think of it, I had on that very blue gown in the picture. Oh, Jimmy! Jimmy! If I could only see you once more," and for the first time in many years, the old woman sobbed aloud.

In sympathy with her grandmother, and at the thought that even now her Uncle Jimmy might somewhere be lying sick and lonely, Helen's eyes filled with tears.

"But we may find him yet, Granny," she said, as she stroked the thin, blue-veined hand. "See, I have my dress finished. John will be here in a few minutes, so I had better hurry and get ready."

She paused at the door to greet her parents, who were just entering the room, and to call back over her shoulder,

"I believe John and I will drop into the hospital on our way, and give the old people a treat. You know John will be in costume, too."

CHAPTER II.

The long, and usually cheerless ward was lighted, as it were, by twenty radiant old faces. Fifteen minutes earlier, it had been the same as any other evening at a quarter to nine. The old people had been growing tired and peevish, but when those two young figures stepped across the threshold, in the costumes of long ago, the inmates of Number Seven ward in Charity Hospital on C— Street, were young once more. The little blue gown fitted Helen perfectly, and a number of jet black curls fell from under

the dainty white lace bonnet. Beside her was a tall, handsome young man in powdered wig, swallow-tailed coat, knee-breeches, silk stockings and silver-buckled slippers. He stood smiling and nodding to the old people. Exclamations of delight were coming from all sides.

"Doctor Finley, who could ever believe that it's you?"

"Just the image of my sister Nellie!"

"Would you mind walking up and down once more, Nurse Doyle, and wave that little fan—yes, that's it."

"My, ain't she grand, though."

Helen walked slowly to the end of the ward. As she was about to turn around, her eyes rested on the last cot. The old man in it had raised himself up. His eyes were travelling wildly from Helen to something in his hand, and back again, and his lips were moving feebly. Helen went to the bed and laid her hand on the old man's.

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Wilson?"

"Janey, dear, you've come back to me at last. Say you have, Janey, just once." The old man's words were scarcely audible but Helen caught them.

She picked up the little daguerreotype that had fallen from the old man's hand. A sweet girl in an Alice blue gown smiled at her from the picture, and suddenly Helen understood.

"Yes, Janey is coming back to you, Uncle Jimmy, and another Janey, too." She smiled at him through the tears, that would come in spite of her.

The old man was satisfied. He lay back and let the young people fuss over him, without any further questions. John was rather puzzled by the sudden turn of the night's events, but with Helen's promise of an early explanation, he called a taxi and in due time, saw Uncle Jimmy safely and comfortably installed in the little front bedroom of Helen's home. For many years Mr. and Mrs. Doyle had been vainly searching for Uncle Jimmy and it seemed to them now, that they could not do enough to make up for all his years of loneliness. Granny was making sudden sallies on "little Jim," kissing him, patting his head, and crying over him. And as for Uncle Jimmy—well, to say the least of it, he was supremely happy.

When finally the young people were on their way to the party, Helen told the story ending with,

"And to think that he is my own Uncle Jimmy Wilson, and this little gown did it all. Isn't it wonderful, John?"

Whether John thought it was wonderful or not, he did not say. He was thinking of how pretty Helen was in that dress, what a beautiful night it was, and * * *

But then, that's another story.

FRANCES M. DIER, 4B.

LITTLE THINGS

AS a general rule, people consider outstanding figures or details as more important than those that are less conspicuous. And this is natural enough, for what is striking and unusual always excites more attention and interest than that which is commonplace. But if we considered with unusual attention some "little things" we might have a different idea of their importance.

In the realm of Nature, the custom is to express wonder at the greater things, such as Niagara Falls, the broad, rolling prairies, the grand mountain ranges; while such little things as the mill-stream, the ordinary Ontario farm, the little knoll in some backyard, perhaps, are so ordinary, so commonplace, so much a mere part of a too-familiar-for-notice landscape, that very little is said or thought of them. But

take away the mill stream in a community; take away the ordinary, quiet little farm; remove the doorway knoll where is developed the youth of the country; and I say that more harm has been done to the progress and prosperity of the country than could be repaired by the power of the mighty waterfall, the rich plains, the magnificent mountains. There has been in these little things a greater importance than in the mighty and spectacular objects of nature.

This may seem at first thought an extravagant statement, but when we consider that without the mill and similar local industries the country could not have been opened up; when we compare statistics of the produce of intensive farming with that of the great grain fields, we are convinced of the importance of the small farm; and as for the knolls set against the mountain, will anyone contest the statement that anything which influences for good the impressionable mind of youth is of more importance than that which gives pleasure or inspiration to the mature intellect?

It is a commonly known fact that little things in nature are important, as well as big things. We see it in poetry and prose, hear it sometimes and disregard it most of the time. But it is evidently true, and is at once recognized when looked into with any interest. There are, however, some other illustrations of the same principle which are not so evident lying in other realms than that of Nature.

Looking over history, we find certain outstanding mile-stones, as it were, principally great battles, mighty rulers, big divisions of territory. But what were the real effects of these? A mighty battle would be fought, thousands would be slain, a leader would gain glory; the world went on tranquilly. It is only when the interests of the common people are touched that any real importance can be assigned to wars and battles; when it means

the exaltation of a Napoleon or an Alexander it principally affects one man; when it means change for better or worse to millions of people it is that much more important.

Again, some great statesman or government is given the credit for the rise of a nation. To a certain extent this is true; reforms in laws and constitutions have their effect upon the progress of a country, but, when all is said for the ruler that can be said, when all due credit has been given to the tariffs and constitutions; yet the real reason for progress of any people is found in the home of the common workingman. Is he industrious? Are his helpers really helpers? Are the influences surrounding the development of the commons of an uplifting tendency? Upon the answers to these questions, not upon the brain of the statesman, depends the advance or the retrogression of a country's life.

There is another phase of this subject: so-called little things in the world of thought. This is much like the question of the importance of the minor details in the construction of any great machine. Small cogs may not be noticed; hidden rivets are not in evidence in the magnificence of the whole; but remove a little screw, a tiny lever, an insignificant spring, and the whole structure is useless. And so in the thought of a nation, there are great principles such as those of liberty, democracy, equality, which catch the eye, command the attention, but which without smaller but no less important basic ideas and truths are as a "house built upon the sands." It is the elementary principles of truth, honour, duty and the like, instilled in childhood, that finally determine the destiny of a people. This leads us back once more to the "little things" of our education, the country school, the home influence, and all surrounding circumstances. These little things, are then, most important, and are dovetailed into one great, intricate social structure.

According to a law of physics, there is an effect for every cause, a cause for every effect, and a cause for every cause, which thus is seen to be an effect. Then, taking the universe at any one time, if it were possible to know the condition of everything, it would be possible, given sufficient reasoning, to deduce accurately the condition of things at any time in the future, right through eternity. Now, if any one

detail, say a blade of grass, a pebble on the sea-shore, a single man or animal, were omitted in the calculation, it is probable that an estimate of the state of the world in a billion years would be entirely wrong.

In concluding, therefore, I would say that nothing is so small as to be without importance, and nothing so large as to eclipse everything else.

K. P. WATSON.

THE HERMIT OF LAKE KINLONE

GR^{EAT} Cagnac, silent observer of the glories of dawn and sunset, had witnessed no more beautiful scene than that which bade farewell to the new-leaved world this night. The flaming sun was slowly sinking behind far-off Amethyst Peak, leaving, in its wake, a sky mottled with little ragged clouds, like foam upon a sea of blue and gold. Redder and redder, and ever smaller and smaller, it grew, while a long, insolent cloud crept across its surface in a vain attempt to blot it from view. The dying rays bathed the motionless, newly-verdant trees in ruddy light and lay like a sheet of fire on the placid waters of little Lake Kinlone.

On a boulder at one end of the lake, sat two silent figures watching the glorious scene. Suddenly, one rose, and, silhouetted in the golden glow, raised a violin to his chin. The music which came from his bow was that rarest of types, the natural expression of a born musical genius. As the lad (for he was little more) played on, with uplifted eyes, one could feel in the pulsing notes the joyousness of youth, the care-free delight of the boy in the return of Spring and the responsive chord it had struck in his simple, nature-loving heart. Interwoven in the melody was the happy trill of the graybird and the chirp of the house-wren. In fancy, one caught the perfume of wild

lilacs borne on the whispering breeze, and all the wonderful, life-giving fragrance of Spring. One knew that the heart of the lad was filled with the beauty of his surroundings. Gradually, however, the music changed from the swift outpouring of trembling notes to a deeper and more solemn strain, and all the glory of the setting sun emanated from the bow of the slender boy. Then, with a deep, long-drawn-out note, the music stopped. The boy lowered his violin and, heedless of the sitting figure, stood motionless, with his eyes staring into the ruddy west.

During the whole time that the boy had been playing, the man had sat with his head buried in his hands, as if to shut out everything but the exquisite music. Now, he raised his head and gazed at the boy with a curious expression in his eyes. The upturned face had once been handsome, but now it was furrowed with lines of suffering and the mouth had a somewhat cynical droop. Yet the eyes were shining with a tender light of love as he looked at the boy, and one felt that the outpouring of music had been the message his heart would have expressed. The look in his eyes soon changed to one of sadness and he again buried his head in his hands.

"Rollo, my boy, sit down."

The boy turned, and sitting down,

gazed expectantly into his father's face.

And then, while the last rim of the fiery ball was slipping from view, while the flame in the sky above was gradually merging into tints of rose and lavender, and, down in the valley, the purple shadows crept higher and higher, the father began to speak.

"My son, for years now, I have lived here with no human companionship save yours and they have come to call me the Hermit of Lake Kinlone. You have been very patient when I refused to answer your questions about our past, but now the time has come when you must learn all.

"At your age, I possessed your gift without your genius. I was determined to become famous. I studied for years in Europe and on my return, had some success. I met your mother in the gayest of society circles in New York City. I loved her passionately, blindly, thinking that she returned that love. But she was infatuated with another man and one evening, a year or two after your birth, she shot herself rather than face me.

Here, his face twitched with pain.

"For days, I hovered on the border of insanity. When I recovered, I swore a solemn oath that I would never touch my violin again. I fled here with you, away from the sickening confinement of the city, to try to forget—here, where I have lived in the free, fresh air of the hills, with the companionship of the flowers and trees and all the little, living things of Nature."

"You, my son, have a wonderful gift, a gift greater than you can yet appreciate. For months, now, I have fought my battle and, at last, my mind is made up. The world, though unworthy, must hear your music. To-morrow you will go down into the village and make your way to the city. I will give you letters to those few friends which, thank God, I still possess. They will care for you and look after

your education. As for me, I cannot return. And, when your name has become a byword on the fickle lips of the artistic crowd, do not forget me, my son. Above all, remember my story and beware. When I have need, I will send for you."

From somewhere near came the lonely cry of the whip-poor-will. Father and son gazed silently into the night, as the great white moon sent a silvery flood of light over the waters of Lake Kinlone.

II.

Rollo Thurston sat in his lounge room off the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House and lazily blew smoke rings toward the polished chandelier. The curtain had just gone down on the last performance of the season. And what a season it had been! His mind went back to those long years of study on the continent. How he had hated the grind! And then, on his return, his success had been almost instantaneously assured. What a premiere he had had! And his triumphs had kept up all season. Yet he had become sick of it all,—sick of the smirking crowds, sick of the hypocritical admirers, sick of the fawning women with their shallow flattery, sick of the thin-blooded men and their disgusting scandal. These last few days, he had not taken his customary delight in the gay round. He must, like an athlete who overworks himself, be "getting stale."

And then, with a cold shudder, came the memory of what Meredith, acknowledged the best physician in the city, had told him. "Five more months to live. The prevalent disease in its swiftest form." But no, it couldn't be true. And yet, this feeling of the last few days—

Now, the irony of it, he was proclaimed the greatest violinist of the decade. His name was on the lips of every music lover on the continent. In a few minutes a car would come for him and he would be rolled to the mansion of some of the

great city's elite. And to think that his career was to be ended just when he was gaining that for which he had worked.

He had gone to Auntie Nan, his best friend here, in her rose-covered cottage in the little town on the Hudson. The old lady, after hearing his story, had said, with tear-filled eyes:

"My boy, go home. Go to the father who sent you away. Get away from all this, and go back to the pure air of the hills."

A liveried chauffeur knocked at the door, but Rollo dismissed him. He wished to be alone with his thoughts.

Five more precious months! He strode to the window and looked out at the blazing lights of the metropolis through a February drizzle. The sight seemed to sicken him. He would go back—back to the old father who was waiting for him. He would go home to die in the "pure air of the hills," with the songs of birds and the beauties of Nature around him. The susurrus of the waters of Lake Kinlone and the sigh of the breeze through the verdant trees should lull him to sleep. Great Cagnac should guard his lonely grave.

With the light of a new resolve in his eyes, he went out into the drizzling night.

III.

Spring was once again merging into Summer on Great Cagnac. But, in the heart of a white-haired old man, bitter Winter was setting in. Each pearly dawn, each rosy sunset meant to him only the beginning and the end of one less day of life for the being his heart loved most. The cool Summer night breeze, laden with the drifting petals and perfume of wild roses, only chilled his heart with dread expectation. The end was drawing near.

Then, one Summer day, as with glazed eyes, he watched the wasted frame on the couch, came the dying request of his son.

"Father—play—for me."

For a moment, but only for a moment, the old man hesitated. And then, from the throbbing strings came the outpouring of a father's heart,—the love of a father for his son. Slowly, the music grew softer, until a simple little lullaby proceeded from the old man's bow. And, while the pearly tints of a hilly dawn tinged the eastern sky and the wild cry of a loon came from the reeds of the little lake, the soul of Rollo Thurston passed into the Beyond.

The old man, with unseeing eyes and expressionless face, sank falteringly into a chair.

They buried the idol of the musical world on the crest of Great Cagnac. The father, with eyes still glazed, neither opened his lips nor moved a muscle while his son was being interred, and then, as the little group of village folk were turning away, he lifted his violin to his chin.

Then began the most melancholy and weird chant that any of them had ever heard—the hermit's funeral dirge. The wailing and moaning of a mourner for his dead, which sobbed from the strings, touched their hearts. But there was a something else—a weird chilling note, oftener and oftener repeated, and a strange look in the hermit's eye that made them desert the hilltop as quickly as the solemnity of the occasion allowed.

The next morning, as a few men were returning to build a cairn on the hilltop over the grave of the great violinist, they saw, floating among the reeds that border little Lake Kinlone, the upturned face of the hermit.

To this day, the simple village folk will tell you that on a clear evening, silhouetted against the glory of the dying sun, or in the glimmering light of the full moon, the hermit can be seen playing over the grave of his son on the crest of Great Cagnac. And in the Spring evenings, when the leaves are rust-

ling in the trees, the mothers of the village cuddle their babies closer to their breasts, for, it is said, when the breeze is blowing down the valley, one can hear the far-off

strains of a weird and chilling lament—the funeral dirge of the hermit of Lake Kinlone.

TED NEWTON
(Upper School).

THE LOST KEY

ONCE upon a time, many years ago, there lived in old Erin, in a little village by the sea, a fisherman called Michael O'Hara. His great stature and unusual strength were the envy of many a man, while his handsome face filled every woman and maid with an admiration which they did not attempt to conceal. With his smiling lips and ready tongue, he might easily have won the fairest and best among them, but in vain they flaunted their charms. Since the death of his old mother, Michael's cottage had never known the presence of a woman.

"Shure, an' it's a hard heart there is 'neath the decavin' smile o' the devil," resentfully declared one of the young fishwives, a wilful girl, whose favor was courted by every young man in the village.

Another laughed gaily. "Niver moind, Kathleen, me darlint!" she said. "Perhaps it's the Sea Maid he loves!"

All the villagers knew the legend of the Sea Maid. It was a favorite tale of the old grandmothers, when the family gathered about the door-step, or before the glowing peat fire. The Sea Maid was a very beautiful nymph, whose home was in the depths of the sea. In the old days, long ago, she used often to come to the beach, where she danced and sang by the light of the setting sun. At times her song was sad and plaintive, again bright and gay, and sometimes the clear, sweet voice would mount higher and higher until its wild, weird joyousness quite terrified any who might be lingering to listen, and they would hurry homeward to find

relief in the presence of human companions.

However, although her song was often heard, only one man, as far as people knew, had ever seen her. And so great was her beauty that the fickle fellow forgot the bride he was to wed the next day, and vowed that he would have the Sea Maid, and no other! But the sight of a mortal must have frightened her, for from that day, so far as any one knew, she had never returned to the beach. Sometimes the old villagers who had heard her song in childhood, would stop and listen, thinking that they heard it again. But then they would sigh, and shake their heads. It was only an echo, carried back by Memory.

It was Springtime. The fields were green and the thorn trees white with blossom. But there was no Springtime in the heart of Michael O'Hara, as he tramped wearily through the village after his day's work. His low, thatched cottage of rough grey stone seemed dreary and uninviting. The little garden, which his mother had tended so carefully, was sadly neglected, and the weeds threatened to choke out the few hardy blossoms that were still struggling to hold up their heads.

Inside, the cottage was cheerless and untidy. The remains of his breakfast were on the table, just as he had risen from it early that morning. The bed in the corner was tumbled, and the cold hearth-stone was covered with ashes. As he rebuilt the fire, and put the potatoes to boil, Michael wondered if ever another man possessed so lonely a home and heart as he.

When he had finished his simple

meal, he went out and walked slowly toward the rocky seashore, his head bowed low in the thoughts that always came to him at sunset,—thoughts of love and tenderness, of sorrow and despair,—thoughts of the Sea Maid, the Lady of his Dreams.

Ten years previous, when he was but a lad of seventeen, Michael had seen her. Lured to the beach by her gay, wild song, he had stood unseen among the rocks, fascinated and fearful, watching her as she moved swiftly through the measures of an exalted dance. And as he watched, a great love for this beautiful creature swelled up in his heart. A huge wave swept up on the shore, and carried her out over the sea, but, as her song floated back to him, he felt that she would come back, and—although she was not mortal, he might woo and win her. Every evening, he had gone to the shore to watch for her, but she had never come back except in his dreams. To-night, Michael despaired of her ever returning.

He stood among the rocks, his dark hair stirred by the breeze, and his eyes turned toward the setting sun, which was shedding its last soft rays over the calm sea. He heard the gentle splash of the waves on the shore, and the murmur of the breeze, and then, mingled with their sound, he caught a faint sweet song, coming from far over the water. It came nearer and nearer. Then it ceased, and the rocks and waters echoed and re-echoed its sound.

Michael's heart leaped with joy. It was the song of the Sea Maid! But suddenly a startled cry arose from the beach. He hurried down, but on reaching the beach he paused, restrained by a feeling of awe and reverence. There before him, at the edge of the water, stood the Sea Maid, surrounded by the soft, ruddy glow of the sunset. She was of medium height, slim and graceful. The green of the sea was in her eye, and her hair, bound

about her shapely head with a band of amethysts, was like the golden lights cast on the sands by the sun. Her skin was as white as the snow on the mountain peak, and her lips were as red as the berry on the hillside. Her bare feet, beneath the filmy sea-green of her garments, gleamed white against the sand.

Unconscious of Michael's presence, she raised her arms toward the setting sun, and cried out in appeal: "O King of the Day, will you not be helping me? Stay, and help me find my golden key, or I die!"

But the sun went down relentlessly, without heeding the distressed Sea Maid, who, with a wail of despair, sank down upon the sands.

Michael hastened to her, and raised her up.

"Lady of my Dreams!" he whispered. "Cannot I be helping you? I have waited for you ten long years, and now when you come to me, you are sad. You were not so when I first saw you!"

The Sea Maid raised tearful eyes to his face.

"O Michael O'Hara, it is I who must roam in the world of the Mortals, until I find the key to the home of my people, who dwell in the realms of the Sea! It has just slipped out of my hand and I cannot find it."

"Why should you weep, Acushla? I love you dearly, and would keep you from all harm! I have a cottage in the village, and a boat on the sea. I am strong, and can support and defend you. Come with me!"

But the Sea Maid drew back.

"Your people * * I am not a mortal! They would dislike me. I am afraid!"

"They will learn to love you!" entreated Michael. "Come!"

But it was only after much urging and pleading that she finally placed her hand in his, and, with many a backward look at the sea, went with him to the village, where they were married.

Michael's cottage became a cheer-

ful and well-ordered home. The little garden bloomed under the care of the Sea Maid, as it had never bloomed before. And she, although she was always timid of the villagers, who indeed were afraid of her, seemed quite happy.

But it was not until a child nestled against her breast—a little, golden-haired girl-baby, in whose eyes was the green of the sea—that she ever spoke of her former life. Over its drowsy head, she crooned soft lullabies about sea-flowers, and coral caves and water-sprites. As the child grew older, she would listen for hours to her mother's tales of her childhood. Once, she asked why they did not go back, but the mother only sighed and sat silent for some time. The little girl disliked the noisy, boisterous village children, and often wandered alone by the shore, dreaming of her mother's old home in the depths of the Sea.

One day, when she was about six years old, she was walking slowly along the beach, when a gleam of gold among the pebbles at the bottom of a shallow pool caught her eye. She knelt, and picked up a small, golden key. Wondering, she carried it to her mother. When she came in her mother was sitting at her spinning wheel, humming softly. She raised her eyes and smiled as the child came near.

"Look, Mother! Look what I've found!"

When the Sea Maid saw the key, she rose slowly from her chair, a great, glad light dawning in her eyes. "My key!" She seized it, and, taking the child by the hand, she walked swiftly toward the door,

saying excitedly: "Come, Oona, come! We are going home!"

At the door she halted, and looked back at the little room. For seven years she had lived there, happy in the love of her mortal husband, and later, in the care of her child. Now, if she went away, it would be forever. She hesitated. But outside, she could hear the waves pounding on the shore, and the call of the sea was stronger than her love for Michael, and for the humble little cottage home. Looking hurriedly around, her eye fell upon the corn-cob pipe that Michael had been smoking that morning. She seized it and thrust it into the front of her dress. Then, having closed the door behind them, the mother and child ran down to the beach.

That evening when Michael returned home, he found the cottage empty. And for long years afterward no foot but his own crossed the threshold. He became an old man, and was nearing the end of his days in this world, when one evening—such an evening as that upon which he had found the Lady of his Dreams—he walked down toward the seashore. The sun was setting, and over the calm sea spread rose and golden lights.

"O Lady of my Dreams!" he cried. "I am coming to you!"

In the morning, the fishermen found him, stretched out on the sand, a smile on his quiet face. And to-day, the old fishwives of that village will tell you that the soul of Michael O'Hara went down to the realms of the Sea, to dwell with the Lady of his Dreams.

JEAN WOODWARD, 3A.

CUPID AND THE TELEPHONE

"Ding-a-ling, a-ling, a-ling."

"Blame that telephone," broke out Henry, the fourteen-year-old son of William and Mrs. William Jackson of New Caledonia looking

up from his book with a very black scowl.

"Henry Jeremiah Jackson"—thus Mrs. Jackson addressed her son when she was more than ordinarily exasperated with him—"What do

you mean by using such language in this house?"

"Well, hang it all, can't a fellow sit down for five minutes to read an interesting book but that old telephone has to ring? If you'd answered it as often as I have today, you'd use bad language, too. It'd make a preacher swear."

It surely was unkind of the unscrupulous old instrument of torture to ring just when the pirates were about to storm the old fort and the telephone had indeed been unusually active that evening.

"Hey, sis," called Henry, who had taken the receiver down with a vicious jerk, "You're wanted immediately. It's long distance."

"Long distance! Why who can it be?" exclaimed Henry's sister, Mildred, aged twenty-two (to reveal one of Miss Jackson's personal secrets).

Now let us suppose that we are "listening in"—and such a thing is not unheard of on rural lines. This is what we should have heard.

"Hello, Hello! Who is speaking?" (this in feminine tones and with a trace of excitement).

"Can't you guess, Milly?" (a deeper voice).

"Is that you, John. This is a surprise! You didn't say anything yesterday about going away."

"No, I didn't. I wasn't expecting to go then, either. I was called to Montreal this morning, to our head office, you know."

"To Montreal? Really! Are you all right, John? Your voice sounds queer."

"Oh, sure I'm all right, except that I've a horrible cold—hoarse as a drake, eh? But, Milly, I'm to be sent to Europe for five months on business for our company. I knew I was being considered as an applicant for the position but I didn't expect at all to be called away so suddenly."

"Europe! Five months!"

"Yes, I leave tomorrow on the "Carnatic." I had to speak to you before I leave.

"I'm so glad you got the position, John. But why did you never speak of this to me before?"

"Well, I didn't want to tell you for fear I might not get it and then you might be disappointed. Are you glad, Milly?"

"Oh, I understand now. Yes, I am very glad. You know I'll miss you, though. Five whole months!"

"Thank you. And Milly, I—I—want to say something—to you—something serious, you see—you—"

"Wait a moment, John" (Then the same voice in rather subdued tones) "Henry dear, I think Mother wants you in the kitchen. That's the boy. Just close the door as you go out. That's it. Thanks. Yes, John?"

"Well, Milly, you know, I've known you ever since we were kids back in the little town by the river, and—"

"The little town by the river! Why, John, it isn't by—"

"Oh, never mind, where it is, Milly. What I want to say is that * * * Oh bother! What is that? Hello! Hello, Central!! Yes, of course we still want the line. Hello! Are you there, Milly? As I was saying we've grown up together and—and—you see—, I—I thought you—we—. Mercy, it's so hot here I can't think. I hope it is cooler down there by the lake."

"By the lake? Why I'm not—"

"Milly, I'll tell you what it is I want to say. I thought maybe we—you'd—we might get married—Would you,—could you—er—consent, Milly dearest?"

"John! Why—oh! Yes, John, I will."

"Darling! You make me happy beyond words. When I look back to past years I remember that I always pictured you and me walking up the aisle of the old frame church in the little home town."

"Frame church, John!" What do you mean? The church at home was brick."

"Well, it doesn't matter what it was. I'm happy, dear, anyway.

And when I come back you'll see me on that little dock and—"

"Why, John, whatever is wrong with you? We have no little dock in our town and the home church is not of frame and I'm not by a lake now, and the home town isn't by a river. Have you gone crazy, John Herbert Jenkins?"

"John Herbert Jenkins? Who's he? Don't tease, Milly. We've only a little while. I'm your John Irving Livingstone, now, and you're my Mildred May Harrington, my own—"

"Mildred May Harrington! Who's she! You well know my name is Mildred Frances Jackson."

"Eh? What! Why—now that I notice it, your voice does not sound familiar. Say, I'm afraid there's something wrong. That name I gave you certainly is mine and the other one is the name of the girl, I thought I was pro—er—Oh, hang it all,—talking to. What was your home town, Miss—er—Jackson?"

"My home is and always was in New Caledonia. May I enquire what town you were talking about?"

"My home is in Norton, forty-

two miles south of Montreal City. It would look as if—"

"Sir, what do you mean by calling me on the telephone, and talking to me this way—you—"

"My dear Miss Jackson, I am very sorry. I apologize if I've embarrassed you in any way. Evidently the telephone office has given me the wrong number. I'll certainly inquire into the matter at once. Goodbye."

A ripping noise! Evidently the man had torn the telephone from the wall. At the other end of the line a sound of subdued weeping and then a call for "Mother."

Our narrative illustrates how a slight mistake on the part of a telephone girl may cause a great deal of trouble and we recommend that not only telephone girls but all persons be very careful and painstaking in the performance of their different duties, whatever these may be. We also advise all young men who are too bashful to ask for the hand of their fair ladies in person, not to have recourse to scientific instruments.

EWART J. NICHOL, 2B.

AN OLD DIARY

THE little schooner "Sea-Sprite" dipped lazily in the long swells of the Pacific. Now and then, the slow flap of the brown mainsail in the light breeze or the clamorous scream of seagulls fighting over a bit of carrion, broke the blue calm. An ocean truly Pacific! We sprawled out on steamer chairs under the afterdeck, contemplating listlessly the playful sport of a school of porpoises.

"This sure is the life," said McMaster, breaking the somewhat monotonous silence.

"A little too hot, to my notion, even for doing nothing," I replied. "Hey, Pete"—this to the perspiring Chinese cook in the cabin,—"Bring out some lemonade."

Pete appeared in a few minutes with the lemonade and also with news that the water tank was just about empty. That was the way with Pete. He never would tell you to get fresh provisions till the old ran out.

"Water allee kerflooe!"

"Confound it! We filled that blamed tank just last Thursday. Now I suppose we'll have to go ashore and run around in the broiling sun, looking for water." I growled, for I preferred sitting on the deck to carrying a water cask on a hot day. Everybody says I'm too fat to do anything but sit still but it is not that. I couldn't see the sense of needless exertion when we were supposed to be on a vacation.

McMaster, however, was only too glad of an excuse to go ashore. He had a perfect mania for looking for pirate gold. That sounds like an anachronism, but it is true. At every rock island that might be the sight of a cave, the traditional stronghold of pirates, he wanted to drag us off to explore it. It seems that some ancestor of his had flown the skull and cross bones and the desire for treasure trove was in the blood. So he urged that we make for an island at once.

"That one over there," pointing to a particularly rocky one, "looks like a likely place for water."

"You mean for pirates' caves," growled Brown, disgustedly.

However, we put about for the island and within an hour had drawn the skiff up on the white sand of a wide, shelving beach and were setting out along the shore to look for a stream. The beach was walled by a high cliff and strewn with huge rocks. McMaster lagged behind, looking for his pirates' cove. We had gone several hundred yards, when we heard a wild yell some distance behind us.

"Where's McMaster?" I demanded, wheeling about.

"That's he, I imagine," said Brown, starting off at a dead run in the direction of the shout. I puffed along after him.

Before we had gone far, McMaster, hatless, excited, wide-eyed, came into view from behind a huge boulder.

"I say, fellows, look here," he stuttered, holding out a rusty metal pouch.

"What have you got? Captain Kidd's treasure?" jibed Brown, relieved to see him alive.

"Not much! but I have found the metal pouch which my piratical ancestor wore attached to his belt and which I just this minute got from his respected bones," he yelled excitedly, flashing before our eyes a little book which he had removed from the pouch. "See? 'James Blackburn. His Diary!'"

"No, I don't see. But I might if you'd keep still," replied Brown, impatiently.

"Where did you find the stuff?" I asked.

"Come on! I'll show you."

"Not so fast. I'm not a jack rabbit."

In a minute, he had brought us to the entrance of a large cave.

"I don't see how you ever missed it. It was right by the path," he said, as he lighted up the interior with his electric torch. At the back of the cave was a half-buried skeleton bleached ghostly white by long exposure to the elements. Other than the bones there seemed to be nothing of interest in the cave.

"Let's get out to the open air and see what's in the pouch," said Brown.

The contents proved to be the diary, several old coins and two or three papers. The diary was a small, leather-covered book dated 1647. The pages were yellowed with age and the ink oxidized to a greenish brown but, apart from its rather antiquated spelling, it was not difficult to read. McMaster opened the book at random.

APRIL 11th: "Captured Spanish treasure galleon with much gold. Ran the estimable Senor Don Juan Rodriguez up to the yard arm in chains. Men much diverted by his 'airy dance.' Other noble Dons fed to the sharks."

"My worthy ancestor had a sense of humour," remarked McMaster and read on:

APRIL 27th: "Divided the gold gathered on cruise among men. Second mate wanted his full share of gold. Tied it around his neck and threw it overboard with him."

"Gentle as a lamb," remarked Brown.

APRIL 28th: "Much murmuring among the men. They seem to think I have not given them as much treasure as is good for them."

APRIL 29th: "Have had to shoot two men. First mate, my old enemy, in very dangerous mood. Fear mutiny."

MAY 2nd: "Day before yesterday attacked a ship from Spain. They resisted very strongly, but were captured after their ship had burst into

flames. Diego, the mate, found a girl among the survivors. He claimed her as his share of the spoil. When I saw that she was English, probably a Spanish captive, I refused. However, at a signal from him, the men, in open mutiny, seized me from behind and locked me in my cabin. Don't understand why they do not kill me."

JULY 24th: "Still in my cabin. Fed occasionally. Oftener forgotten."

JULY 25th: "Ship has dropped anchor. I hear men unlocking my door."

Thus ended the diary.

"Let's go and see if we can find anything around the skeleton to explain what happened to him."

We returned to the cave and dug around the skeleton, by the light of the torch. Just under the bones, was a strongly bound box.

"Pirate gold!" raved McMaster.

"If so, that explains the sudden ending of the diary," said the more rational Brown.

"What do you mean?"

"They have buried the treasure and the dead body of the captain with it to guard it."

Perhaps that was the reason, perhaps not. At any rate, the box was empty.

GLENN ELFORD, 4A.

FLOWERS IN THE SCHOOL

FLOWERS are Nature's jewels.

They are the gems of plant life.

Yet how few people prize them as such! Must something similar to the story of the "Birds of Killingworth" happen to our flowers before we fully appreciate them? Everyone likes to have flowers given to him, but few care enough for them to tend and watch them daily. Young Canadians are growing up today without the feeling of love and desire for flowers that they, as children of Canada, should have. Canada should foster children that love her flowers. All children are born with the love for flowers in their hearts, but is this love fed and nourished or is it allowed to die? Usually, not very much thought is given it, unless the child happens to be born into a home of flower-lovers. The home, of course, is the first place that ought to promote the child's love of flowers. However, at the time when the child begins to take an interest in the things around him, he is sent to kindergarten and, from that time on, the greater part of his days are spent in school. So we shall leave the place that flowers take in the home and turn to what flowers might do in school.

During the years at kindergarten and perhaps the first and second year of public school life, flowers

are brought into the lives of the pupils. The pupils are brought into contact with them indirectly, however, or only occasionally directly. This closer contact usually depends on the teacher. Some teachers bring flowers to school occasionally, others make a habit of having growing plants in the window. Still more teachers do not bother at all. Now, it is in the first years of school that special effort should be made to interest the children in Nature, and in flowers especially. In the public schools, a few minutes every day is taken for physical exercise. Could not also a few minutes each day be taken for flower study? The pupils themselves should be allowed to plant bulbs or plants, to water them each day and to watch them grow. The daily watering and tending of the plants would teach them gentleness and thoughtfulness, the watching of the plant's growth would teach them patience, besides giving them a daily lesson in Nature study, and the beauty of the full-grown flowers would instil in them appreciation of beauty.

In the Collegiates, as well as the public schools, flowers should have their place. Here the children are changing into men and women and flowers are as important as when they are starting school life. School-

told the poor waiting mother that he was afraid he could not help the child. It seemed to the mother, now, to be only a matter of a few minutes till her loved one would be no more. Then the child seemed to fall off into slumber.

Just then Michael O'Lanner came in, and he knew by the expression on his wife's face that his daughter was worse. When he entered the sick room, the little girl stirred slightly, half opened her eyes, and then, with a sudden outburst of joy, she cried, "Oh Daddy." Then her little face fell and the eyes closed, never to open in this world again.

The day following, Michael and his wife, carrying between them a small box, left their humble home, which seemed even more cheerless and bare now. They went to the end of the dark alley, then followed a country path to a little mound, where stones of marble marked the resting place of many another dear one. There they lowered the box into a little grave. With tender hands, they covered it over with earth, and sat down beneath the shade of a tree which grew nearby.

This was the first time since the death of his child that Michael O'Lanner had fully realized what had happened. Now it all ran

through his mind. No more would little Mary greet him when he came home. Her face was now hidden from him while this life lasted. What would he not give to have her back? He would have lived in poverty all the rest of his life. Then the thought suddenly dawned upon him that there were other things in this world besides money and ease. Ah! yes, there were precious things, that money could never buy. He remembered that just the evening before he had felt like quitting, and that only the thought of his little child's illness had kept him from giving up. What was happening in his mind? It seemed to him that a great change was taking place. And, indeed, a great change was taking place, which in the future was to fill Michael O'Lanner's soul with comfort instead of anxiety, and was to give him a spirit at peace with the world, instead of a spirit in bitter revolt against all mankind.

Turning to his wife, he said, "Nora, let us make our way homeward, and henceforth I will try to make life easier for you by being contented with my lot, and happy in my work, instead of coming home at night, grumbling at my neighbors' success."

And Michael O'Lanner lived up to his promise.

MARGARET MAITLAND, 2C.

A RAINBOW THOUGHT

THE rain had ceased, and from the wooded hillside the pearl-grey mists were rising. The freshened air was sweet with the dewy perfume of the pale-tinted roses that covered the rough piled stones of the moss-grown wall. And in the trees, whose gently swaying leaves showered down glistening rain-drops, the birds sang joyously. Bright butterflies caressed the flowers. A goldfinch darted past; and on the lawn, a robin ceased his wonted task to trill a merry melody. The rolling country, whose thirst-

ing pastures bounteous Nature had just gladdened, stretched eastward. A glorious rainbow spanned the great blue distance that hides from view that wondrous Fairyland, wherein there rests, it has been said, a Magic Pot of Gold.

*If one whose heart is pure and true
Were to follow the course of the rainbow gay,
He would come at the end of a wearisome day,
Into a country far, far away;
And, if his heart were pure and true,
There would he find (I have been told)
The rainbow's end and a Pot of Gold.
And this they believed in the days of old.*

But with time we have changed, and now, unbelieving, we scoff at the old story—"a pretty tale,—our

children like its fairy glamor"—and we drudge on, in the day's dull routine, and, at its end, we wonder why life holds so little lure. For gold we work. But not the gold of the Magic Pot. It gives us, when we gain it, no great happiness.

The hard earned wealth is hoarded, guarded, until around our hearts a wall is built of cold and glittering gold, over which we cannot see our neighbour's need.

—JEAN WOODWARK—3A

ARE WE A SPORTING SCHOOL?

AN article recently appeared in a local newspaper under the title "S. C. I. making a place for herself in inter-scholastic sport." The substance of the article consisted of a review of the school's sporting victories, and the writer added his bit of praise for the young men who won the rugby football championship this year. Well enough! On the surface, our standing equals or surpasses the record of any other similar school in this country, so far as inter-scholastic sport is concerned. But I ask this question seriously, and request the earnest consideration of students, teachers and friends, who read this magazine: "Are we a sporting school?"

The casual reader will say perhaps "A sporting school? Certainly. Look at our record in the past on track and gridiron, in competition with other schools. We have a record to be proud of." And, truly, we have made a fine showing in all our athletic endeavors in the last half dozen years at any rate. Among these outside schools we have reputation for athletic prowess second to none. But are we really a sporting school?

If one should examine the list of those students who take part in any form of school sport, he would be surprised to find what a small percentage of those enrolled on our registers ever took part, however slight, in anything which could be called sport. We have a wonderful Rugby team! Granted. On this team there are, including substitutes not more than twenty players, and all Rugby players in the school's

first and second teams do not number more than forty. This number comprises the vast majority of those on athletic teams representing the school. Therefore, we may safely assume that not one in four of all the boys who enter our school have any active part personally, in its sports.

that, for of those who play on our Nay, I would say even more than teams, many do so three or four years in succession, making the proportion of individuals who play from year to year smaller still.

Considering, then, that only about a quarter of our boys, and even fewer girls, participate in sports, can we really call ourselves a sporting school? Can we, on the strength of a victory won by a small number of athletes, call our student body as a whole athletic? In my opinion a school like this which might be at the peak of the country's athletic endeavour, is only about one-quarter perfect. That is, to have a really sporting school, every student unless physically unable, should take some active part in athletics. We may have fine teams, but so long as ten are mere spectators while one plays, the condition of our athletics cannot approach the ideal. The lack of some organization is apparent even in our annual "field day"—annual, mark you—when relatively few take part. Think of a military field-day, with only one or two companies out of a battalion, taking part.

What then is wrong? If the blame, if blame there be, for this state of affairs, is to be placed and conditions remedied, to whom

is the responsibility to be assigned? The school board? The staff? The parents? The students themselves? Why is it that when we have a field-day interest in it lives not more than two weeks beforehand and dies within as many days after it is over? Is it the fault of the students, or of the staff? Well, hardly. Who, then, is to remedy matters?

I suppose that nearly everyone admits that sport is a good thing; and whoever considers the universal sports of, say, the English public schools, will admit that sport for **everyone**, and not for a select few who are most capable of doing without it, is to be desired. Well, then, let us have it here. But how? That is the question. We have our school board, our drill instructor, our athletic association; but still it is only the minority of the students that take part in the school's athletics.

That then, is the situation as I see it. There is the extreme group

who follow sport sometimes, perhaps, at the expense of all else. There is the larger party of indifferents, some through lack of interest, some through lack of opportunity. And the question is: "How shall we tone down the few and tone up the many?"

Here is an opportunity for co-operation and leadership. A leader is first necessary to put things in motion, and it is the part of everyone to support him and push for the goal as our Rugby team has so often and so successfully done. It is not a matter of over-night accomplishment, but would probably require a year or two to reach a state of efficiency. Then, this new system of universal athletics, would be kept in successful operation, and we should be what one could truly call a sporting school,—a school in whose athletics there is a part for everyone, and in whose athletics everyone takes a part.

K. P. W.—Upper School

ILLUSION

"OH, Jack, just look at that great, big, beautiful butterfly," exclaimed Jean, excitedly. "See its golden wings."

On a rosebush, near-by, a large butterfly was clinging with closed wings, which shone in the sunlight like pure gold. There were, it is true, some small black markings on the inner wings but these the children did not notice.

"It's such a perfect one. I must have it. You watch it while I get my net," Jack called back over his shoulder, as he rushed into the house. In a minute he reappeared with a butterfly net. As he approached, the butterfly spread its bright wings and floated up into the air, just before Jack had time to throw his net over it. The children ran after it but the elusive butterfly flew on an on just beyond their reach, very near and yet too

far away to be caught.

As they were passing a comfortable looking old house, which they knew well, a kindly old lady called out to them.

"Come right in, my dears. I know you are hungry after that run. I have just taken some cookies out of the oven. They are the kind that you like so well."

But the boy and girl scarcely heard her, so intent were they on their purpose. As they passed on, the old lady shook her head with a puzzled air.

"It is strange," she thought. "Never before did they pass my cookies by."

On went the pursued and the pursuers, down the sunny village street, across grassy lawns, and through pretty gardens.

In one of the latter, an old man, bent with age, was trying to tie up

a piece of fallen vine. But his fingers were stiff and the string, somehow, would slip through them.

"Will you help me, my children?" he asked, as he saw them passing through the old garden. "My hands are old and feeble. They can no longer do the things they used to do, but yours are young and supple. I am afraid this vine will wither and die, if it is not fixed. If you will only tie it up for me!"

"Just wait till we get this butterfly", they answered. "We haven't time just now. Just wait and we will do it later."

They passed on out into the street again. There, a little girl had got the wheel of her doll's carriage caught in a crack in the sidewalk and she could not get it loose. She turned to them pleadingly, big tears rolling down her cheeks. They did not notice her.

As they came to the edge of the village, they almost ran into a man in a wheeled chair. His hat had blown away down the slope from the sidewalk. He was trying, without success, to get it. What did it matter to them? They were going to capture a perfect, golden butterfly.

The butterfly led them out of the village into a pretty lane. On both sides were overhanging green branches. The birds were singing overhead and all was bright and cheery. In a bend in the lane, three children were picking ripe, juicy wild plums.

"Come and help us get the plums down, and get some, too," they invited.

However, at that moment the bright butterfly was so alluringly near that plums seemed too trivial to bother about.

Suddenly, at the end of this lane they came upon a river. The butterfly flew away out over the water and vanished from sight.

The children looked at one another rather foolishly. Then, without a word, they turned back slowly. Somehow, the lane did not

seem nearly so pleasant as before. They had been so taken up with the thing which they desired that they had not noticed that the path was rather rough. The other children were gone and no plums remained on the trees. When they reached the village street, they could see the man in the wheeled chair away up the street, almost out of sight. Someone else had picked up his hat for him.

The little girl had disappeared. Either she had succeeded in getting the wheel free herself or some kind hand had helped her.

"Let's go and help the old man," suggested Jean.

But, when they reached the little cottage, they could not find the old man and they saw that they were too late, for the vine lay on the ground, wilted and dying.

As they came near the home of the old lady, they looked at it wistfully, hoping that she would call to them to come in. When they saw her sitting under a tree with her knitting they went to her.

"We were so anxious to catch that butterfly that we did not stop to see you," began Jean.

"I am very sorry, for I have given all the cookies away," said the old lady.

Sadly, the children went home. On reaching their own garden they were surprised to see a butterfly, just like the one they had been chasing, flitting among the flowers. Was it the same one or did it only resemble the one they had seen before? Jack slipped quietly toward it and was about to throw his net over it, which, it seemed, he could easily do. Then, for the first time he noticed the blemish on the golden wings. He hesitated and then said slowly.

"Jean, it isn't a perfect one, after all. I don't believe I really want it."

"And I'm sure I do not," answered Jean.

ANNIE BROWN 4A

A NEW YEAR'S EXPERIENCE

IT WAS New Year's Eve. Willie had been allowed to stay up to watch the New Year in. He was not used to keeping late hours, however, and only his determination to see for himself the coming of the New Year prevented him from creeping off to bed. He tried vainly to amuse himself, played his favorite records on the gramophone, tried to read a book, but somehow, whatever he tried, seemed unutterably boring. He felt rather uncomfortable, too, having had some unaccustomed dainties for dinner. At last, he wandered off and lay down on a sofa in a corner.

The next thing he knew, a horrible little creature, stunted, dwarfed, and of hideous countenance was pulling his nose to waken him. He started up in terror. "Who are you? Leave me alone," he cried.

The dwarf just chuckled. "I could not leave you if I wished!" he declared. "I have always been with you! I shall always be with you, though you have never noticed me! Do you notice anything familiar about me?" he leered. "Take a good look."

Though still rather alarmed, Willie's curiosity was aroused by the strange words and he scrutinized the dwarf closely. He began to perceive a slight resemblance to himself but more in the nature of a horrible caricature than a natural likeness.

The dwarf continued, "I am really a part of you. When first I became one of your constituent parts, I was a handsome giant, but as a result of your sins, I have shrunk to my present size! Now do you know me. No?—well then, I—I am your Conscience!! This night has been granted to me for revenge—Come!"

He beckoned Willie to follow him and the terrified lad was powerless to disobey. They walked through

the wall and into a long, dark tunnel. On either side were barred doors, but Willie could not see behind these for darkness. Finally, they came to a large, dreary room, lighted by guttering candles. All about sat strange figures. Some were old, others younger, and others were mere babies. But the most noticeable thing about them was the unutterably sad expression which was stamped on every face.

"These are all your broken New Year's Resolutions," said the dwarf in a low tone, "They are gathered here to help pass judgment on you."

He pushed his way down to a raised platform, which stood at one end of the room. He mounted this, made Willie stand beside him, and then turned to address the audience.

"You all know the charges against the prisoner?" he said. "He has done everyone here an awful injury. He has prevented you from coming into existence!"

A low murmur of hate rose from the assemblage. Fierce looks were turned on Willie and before that battery of hostile eyes he lowered his and stared at the floor.

The dwarf spoke again. "You are not the only ones whom this brute has injured. He has also wronged others and made them to suffer. Bring in the other plaintiffs."

A door opened and all the animals, birds and insects that Willie had ever ill-treated in any way came limping, hopping, or crawling in.

"These are poor dumb beasts who have suffered because of this boy and are tonight given voice that they may help to prosecute this nefarious malefactor."

Then, at a signal from the dwarf, another door opened, and another host entered. Willie could not make these out very clearly because of the dim light, but the dwarf seemed to know them and he announced each one to Willie. It was a pageant of all his past sins which took shape

and assembled before his horrified eyes.

The dwarf again addressed the assembly. "What shall be done to this criminal to make him suffer, for all the harm he has done?"

"Stone him!" "Beat him!" "Starve him!" and many other horrible suggestions showed the feelings of the company towards the unfortunate culprit.

The dwarf again addressed them. "Can you not agree on a punishment?" he inquired.

There was much murmuring and muttering but they seemed no nearer a decision than ever. Suddenly, a large door at the end of the hall was thrown open and a majestic figure, with white hair, and dressed in flowing robes stood on the threshold. In one hand he carried a scythe, in the other an hour-glass. A sudden hush fell on the hall and in the middle of it, this figure marched with majestic strides up to the platform. Here he took his stand.

Inspiration seemed to strike the

dwarf. "Since you cannot agree upon a punishment, I move that we leave the decision to his majesty, Father Time. For among all the defendant's sins that of wasting time has surely been the most common." He turned to Father Time. "I am sure that I have the whole assemblage with me when I leave the decision to you. What shall be done to the prisoner?"

"For such a hardened criminal there is but one punishment!" He turned to Willie. "I sentence you to be banished from earth into eternal darkness!"

Loud applause greeted this decision and in the midst of it Willie felt himself falling, falling—Bang! Then darkness, shot through with pain.

Someone was speaking to him: "Willie! Willie, wake up and see the New Year in."

The darkness was beginning to disperse and through it he began to perceive familiar forms and faces around him.

Only a dream!

—R. W. McBURNEY, 3A.

A CHILD'S DREAM

LITTLE Iris had been put safely to bed long hours ago and the house was filled with the mysterious noises of night, yet she was still awake and sleep seemed far away. It was a wonderful spring night and as she lay idly gazing toward the open window, half dreaming, she started, wide awake now, for she beheld a sight which a mortal child is very rarely privileged to see.

Gliding in through her window on a moonbeam of wondrous lustre, was a little creature of light and air. Such a beautiful, graceful little being it was! We should call it a fairy. Her beauty exceeded that of any earthly thing and her voice as she spoke was like the tinkling of a brook over pebbles. She told Iris that, noticing her restlessness, she had come to help her bear the long,

lonesome hours. Then taking her by the hand, she helped her mount the moonbeam.

The moment Iris sprang upon the moonbeam, her surroundings changed and she found herself alone with the fairy on the brink of a great sea. It was pitch dark and the murmur of the waters was mournful and weird. Suddenly, out of the blackness, shone a bright speck and as it came closer and closer it was seen to be a boat. But what a boat! The body was a beautifully tinted shell and the oars were of pure gold. The rowers were fairies whose beauty was hardly inferior to that of the rider of the moonbeam. Iris and her fairy guide boarded the boat and the rhythmic beating of the oars gradually lulled the earth-child to sleep. At last, that sound melted away, the rocking of the boat ceased, and the air was filled with celestial music.

Then Iris awoke and found herself in a land which far exceeded her wildest dreams of what Fairyland might be. The sounds of music she had heard in her dream were echoing in her ears and heart and she felt uplifted and purified. Here the grass was greener, the trees more beautiful, and the flowers brighter and more sweetly scented than on earth. As she gazed, a beautiful bird flew toward her. Its plumage, soft and azure-hued on the breast, grew brighter near the wing-tips while the tail feathers sparkled and gleamed like many jewelled streamers. In her ecstacy, Iris exclaimed, "You lovely Bird of Paradise!" Instantly that little throat swelled as it threw out a beautiful stream of melody and Iris could readily distinguish the words, "I am the Fairy Bird of Paradise. Glad to serve you, glad to serve you."

He flitted off from tree to tree and little Iris followed, followed and gathered the flowers that beckoned to her, plucking the honey beans from the dew pods as she went. Here and there, she met the friendly glances of the honey-suckle elves, while the little fairies, Marigold and Primrose, joined hands with her and danced and sang in the midst of the jewel-bedecked forest. Thus she sped on and on, each moment filled with such rapture that she did not notice for some time that she had been left entirely alone, not even her little feathered friend being near to sing his pretty song, "Glad to serve you, glad to serve you."

Suddenly she felt weary and sat down beside a mossy bank. Scarcely was she seated when a beautiful

little chariot, studded with green and white diamonds and drawn by several large and brilliantly colored butterflies drew up before her. In it was seated a fairy whose beauty, grace and general loveliness far exceeded that of Iris's little guide.

"You are lost, my little earth-maiden?" asked the Queen, for it could be no other, and on Iris's replying that she was, the Queen graciously extended her hand and said, "Then, my dear little one, you must come with me. I'll bring you back." The butterflies soared away and the carriage alighted by the side of the fairy who had first brought Iris to that beautiful spot.

Both Iris and the Queen stepped from the carriage and then before her very eyes the Queen was transformed to the Fairy Bird of Paradise. Iris clapped her hands and said, "Oh! you wonderful bird, you did serve me, didn't you? But are you really the Queen?"

Instantly the Queen took her own form and replied kindly, "Yes, I am the Queen, though I sometimes prefer to travel in another form and I am indeed 'Glad to serve you.'" Quickly she sprang into her chariot and a faint "good-bye" sang in the child's ears as the carriage flashed from view.

Iris rubbed her eyes and tried to catch a last glimpse of the Queen. Suddenly she awoke to find herself in her own little bed with the morning sunshine pouring into the room. Her mother and the other silly 'grown-ups' assured her that it was all a dream but Iris knew better.

—ANNIE LESLIE, I.A.

THE CRY OF THE OUTRAGED MALE

EARLY in the fall session, it was forcibly brought to the notice of the Male Committee of Vigilance that the female element in the S.C.I. was once more trying to slip one over on the youth of the school. On

first hearing this, the Committee laughed their manly laugh, and said, "Another wild attempt to start something." But when, one morning, the weaker sex appeared within our halls attired in funeral gar-

ments of blue, the Committee opened their eyes and immediately called a special meeting.

There, that noted orator, Charles Park, delivered a masterly and burning address, with all the fervour of which his thin frame is capable.

"Fellow Sufferers: Without further introduction I shall leave out my beginning and strike to the core of my subject. You have all noticed this monstrous attempt on the part of the weaker sex to assert its originality. I need not enlarge on my theme. Gentlemen, shall we allow this outrage to be perpetrated over our defenceless heads—the heads of the noble manhood of this school? I repeat, and again, I ask you, once more, "Shall we allow it?"

The answer was deafening. Four seats collapsed, seventeen inkwells cracked and two windows broke from the uproar.

"Ah, brethren, that answer is to me even as the land of Goshen was to Noah. This matter is so vital to our interests, gentlemen, that I suggest that we combat those presumptuous females with their own weapons. We will give them an opportunity to see their plan effectively carried out. I propose that we nominate a committee "In Modo Dressendi Pueribus" (thank you, gentlemen. I shall be very pleased to act as chairman), who shall draw up a resolution on the matter and present it at the next meeting."

At the next meeting, the following resolution was read:

Whereas: The weaker sex of our fair school has seen fit to try to steal a march and adopt what they call a school uniform without consulting the wishes, desires or interests of any members of the opposite and all important sex,

Wherefore: Do we, without consultation of the wishes, desires or interests of any member of the aforementioned weaker sex, hereby determine to abide by the following rules:

1.—The official male uniform

shall be loose fitting coat and trousers of black gingham with white stripes. (This combination was decided on in order that the uninitiated might not mistake it for the penitentiary garb, which, be it clearly understood, is white with black stripes). The stripes shall vary no more than 17-63 of an inch between 1 1-8 and 1 1-4 inches wide.

2.—White brogues must be worn by all and must not be cleaned after purchase, as this might lend distinction to some of the feet. No size over 13 to be worn. (Gabler here objected but subsided when he was informed that, by special sanction of the committee, he might go barefooted).

3.—Socks shall be black and white striped heavy wool. Anyone found wearing silk hosiery shall be deprived of the privilege of wearing socks.

4.—A black skull cap shall be worn and tied under the chin with a white strap. A small bow of some sombre hue (preferably black) shall be worn on the front of the skull cap.

5.—In order to allow individuality of dress, it was decided that mauve or lavender shoelaces might be worn instead of black, if so desired. (Here a heated discussion arose. Brother Donohue vehemently asserted that, if the girls considered individuality such a heinous crime, the boys should not modify the resolutions in this respect and that black and only black shoelaces should be worn). Finally, both sides compromised on pink shoelaces for festal occasions.

At this juncture, Potter arose and suggested that green stripes on a white background be allowed for Spring wear, in harmony with the new verdure of the season. The suggestion was thrown out, however, when someone rudely remarked that they might be considered rather to harmonize with the mentality.

6.—The hair shall never be combed. (This was greeted with loud shouts of approval).

7.—Nails shall be manicured once

every three months to uniform length—no shorter than three centimetres. (More applause).

8.—Razors shall be used only once a week. This would naturally fall on either Friday or Sunday night.

It was decided that, since the girls' venture had had such wonderful success and since not more than seventeen out of every nineteen girls ever wore any other clothes

than the adopted uniform, the punishment for any boy who violated the above-mentioned rules should be withdrawal of permission to wear the uniform. This, it was generally agreed, would be the severest punishment possible. After the passing of this motion the meeting adjourned.

—VOX PUERUM.

AN ABANDONED FARM

"MY DEAR children, how happy you all look! I am sure you must have had a most wonderful trip."

"Oh, mother, may we not go back very soon? It is such a beautiful old place. May we, mother?"

"Yes, dear, you may when Mr. Castle comes again. But you have not told mother anything about it yet. Ralph, you tell us about old Alderbracken Place. It is years since I have seen it."

"I'm sure I shall not be able to do justice to the beauty of the old place but I shall do my best, mother," said Ralph, the eighteen year old son of Mrs. Bannerman, the former owner of Alderbracken Place.

"The carriage rolled noisily along Old Endicott Road until we came to Poplar Row. We cried out with delight as we left the noisy road and passed into the cool, refreshing silence of the long avenue of poplars. The carriage drew up at the little gate, hanging upon rusty hinge.

The little ones, with squeals of delight, began to run about on tours of exploration, until Nurse gathered them around her and bade them follow the leader who, of course, was Mr. Castle.

"Do let the little ones go out to play now, mother, and I'm sure I shall be able to give a more detailed description."

"Yes, dears, run along and play till mother calls you.—They are so happy, Ralph. But do go on, dear."

"You remember the pretty little

arbour that led to the house from the gate, mother? It is ever so much prettier now. The long creeping grape-vines intertwined with bright morning glories and wild columbines has climbed in riotous glory over the entire arbour. The old house is like a great throne made rich with the purest green of lovely ivy, encircling the old chimney, overhanging the doorways, peeping in shyly at every window.

We crossed the soft, moss-covered steps and passed into the little kitchen-garden behind the old house. It is a spot of wonderful variegated harmony. The neat beds of radish, lettuce, onions, carrots are all bordered by a wealth of shy little daisies and blazing marigold and purple fox-glove. It is a most beautiful sight, mother. And the old lawn has grown long and purple violets have made their appearance in its perfect velvety green.

We went on to the old stables, now tumbling in at the top and crumbling at the base. Here, too, has Nature removed the bare and pitiable appearance of ruin. Daisies and buttercups and bright wild mustard have sprung up in a wealth of colour. Soft, green moss is growing in the chinks and about the doors. The sweet smell of the new-mown hay is gone and from the crumbling silo comes the odour of corn long since cut.

The stock's drinking trough is dry and warped and moss-grown underneath. The pig sties are decayed

and fallen and an abundance of green weeds and blue and yellow flowers are thrusting their heads up through cracks in the boards, towards sunlight and life.

The orchard about the sties is overgrown with weeds. The trees are wild and unkempt. Yet Nature has preserved them and made them continue to bear fruit while ruin and decay is making fast strides about them.

We wandered slowly down the long lane towards the wood, in a silence which was broken only by the distant laughter of the children, who were far ahead, or by the sweet call of meadow lark or robin. Fence posts have crumbled and in place of the golden fields of wheat and oats are fields of pasture grass, and purple-topped thistles and white blown milkweed.

At the end of the lane we came to the old bridge which spans the creek that flows from the next farm. The sparkling, dancing water of the creek and the gray, bent old bridge brought to my mind a picture of youth and old age, the dancing rollicking water of the creek, indifferently and thoughtlessly passing the aged and broken bridge, wholly in-

tent on its own pleasures and little heeding the cares and wants of old age.

We strolled aimlessly along the banks of the singing creek past clumps of ash and maple, past beds of purple violets or tall May apples, carefree and living only in the present.

When we reached the limits of old Alderbracken place the sun, round and red, was just smiling his last bright smile before he sank behind the tall maples and sturdy oaks."

"How vividly you have described it, my son! I was fairly carried away by the beauty of it."

"But mother, you forgot that the greatest asset to a good speaker is a good listener, and I'm sure I have the best auditor in the world. And mother, I wonder if you thought as I did, how permanent, how immortal the works of Nature are and how transitory are the material things which man constructs."

"Yes, Ralph, I did feel that and hoped that you too would understand it. Call the children for me, Ralph. It is now late."

—R. CHARLES BROWN, 4B.



Talk about your poison gas!



POETRY



From the Pens of S. C. I. Students

A GIFT OF NATURE.

*A man there was who never harbored thoughts
Of common things. He lived from day to day
In ignorance of pleasures lost to him;
And gifts of Nature were not recognized.
He crushed beneath his foot the fairest flowers,
Nor saw, nor cared for things he had destroyed,
They were so small and insignificant
Compared with things he lavished thought upon.
It seemed he nothing lacked, of worldly powers.
On him there were bestowed both wealth and strength.
His place in life was not to be despised,
And yet he was disturbed within his soul.
Some feeling, undefined, was ever there,
To cause him pain. He vainly longed for it
To be revealed. Ne'er was his soul at ease.
He searched without success through all the world,
Among the crowded thoroughfares of life.
Vainly he followed on his weary way.
One dawn, while wandering down a woodland path,
He stopped beside a bush. Unconsciously,
His hand enclosed a flower in the bud,
And, as he watched the wondrous rising sun
Its sifted beams his very heart did melt.
He felt some deep emotion touched within
And stood in silent wonder as he felt
The sacred beauty touch his inmost soul.
He then perceived the rose crushed in his hand,
And, as the petals to his lips he pressed,
He knew that Nature, through their fragrance breathed
His wanting power, which was at last revealed;
And love of beauty came to him. Then, through
That gift divine, he could commune with God.*

CHARLES W. S. GRACE, 3B.

THE MERMAID.

*When'er I hear the tempest call
Or echo of the bird's wild cry,
I know a storm is passing by
And quickly leave my cavern hall.*

*Up through the briny waves I rise,
And swim far in towards the land,
To watch the breakers on the sand
As each swells up, then slowly dies.*

*Then, from the shore, I ride and float,
Far out with mountain waves along;
Gaily, I sing my wild, sea song,
By many a doomed and desolate boat.*

*But when the winds and waves subside,
When white-caps are no longer seen,
And sea has turned to peaceful green,
I home return with ebbing tide,*

*To pearly cave that waits below
For wandering mermaid to return,—
A cave of sea shells, moss and fern
Where I will stay till wild winds blow.*

LAURA HARGROVE, 2C

RESIGNATION.

*When hope is gone, and naught but life is left,
I think of home and children young and fair,
And days gone by, when by the side I sat
Of her I loved, and stories long I told
Of days when we were young and gay, and
played
As do you urchins in those meadows green.
Ah, how our fond hearts beat with one accord!*

*But she is gone!
She now partakes of pleasures far more great
Than those that in my memory find a place.
Now I am left alone, and alone I
Shall finish this my life of pain and woe;
For God has called the last I loved away,
And He knows best. The time for us to die
Is set by Him. We should not question why.*

F. C. CARTER, 3B

TO THE OLD SCHOOL.

Old S. C. I., we bid farewell.
'Tis hard to say. We loved thee well.
The happiest days of all our lives were spent
Within thy walls. Full well do we repent
The time we wasted and almost resent
That we must leave thee thus. Farewell!

In many a losing game thy name
Inspired the dauntless players. Thy fame
Can never die. But as the poet told
The order old must change and we must mould
All to new measures. Yet is none so cold
He leaves without regret. Farewell!

What graduate does not look back
As each year speedeth up the track
With ever-growing fondness, knowing well
Within his heart, he learned beneath thy spell
Of what Success is made. And oft he'll tell
How you inspired him on. Farewell!

The blue and white for ever stands
For fair play and always demands
In honor's name alone all deeds be done.
And, when the hard-fought victory is won,
We'll ne'er forget to cheer the losers on,
For thou hast taught us so. Farewell!

And thou may'st mould away and age
Of all thy glory stript. The page
Whereon is writ the history of thy fame
Can never be destroyed. For thy dear name,
Engraven on my heart of hearts, the same
Shall always be, inspiring me. Farewell!

KATHLEEN CLARK, 4A

DREAMS.

When I was but a little child,
Dreadful dreams did frighten me;
Awake at night I often lay,
Afraid to go asleep, you see.

So one night to myself I said:
"A dream no more shall frighten me,
I will remember 'tis not real,
And be no more afraid, you see."

That night, I dreamt a Griffin huge
Was just about to swallow me;
Then I remembered. "You're a dream."
The monster vanished, don't you see?

When I a little older grew,
The world one day seemed cold to me;
" 'Tis only a passing dream," I said.
The sun shone out again, you see.

Now as the years go flying by,
Dark troubles seem to vanish me;
I play they're only dreadful dreams,
And thus I conquer, don't you see?

ENID E. MORRISON, Upper School.

THE MOON FAIRY.

The moonlight shone upon the sleeping earth,
And, on a beam, a fairy bright did sit,—
A fairy clothed in rainbow draperies,
A smile of beauty on her curving lips.
All down the silvery pathway she did drift
To bring sweet dreams to happy boys and girls.
Sweet dreams of plucking flowers in the fields,
Of twining wreaths for many a carefree hour,
Of building forts, and boisterous snow-ball fights,
And reading at the golden wind-blown shore.
But these are only for good boys and girls.
For those who have been naughty and a care,
A frightful demon comes from some dark cloud,
And brings bad dreams and pulls the covers off,
And makes the night a horrible night-mare.
His face is dark, his eyes are fiery bright,
He laughs a ghastly laugh in impish glee.
So, when some night you have a dreadful dream,
Look back on what deeds you have done that day;
Then mend your ways; perhaps some happy night
The Moon-Fairy may come to visit you.

MARION LASCHINGER, 4A.

MEN OF THE PORTALS.

From Southern isles where white spume breaks
To the other side of the height of land
You meet the men who challenge fate,
Those cavaliers of the outer gate,
Light-hearted, free of hand.

Not as men of the city trails,
Stoop-shouldered, pale and wan,
But straight and tall as the forest trees,
Bronzed by sun and seaward breeze,
They wander, under ban.

To the outward trail 'neath the trembling stars,
Where the mist-wreathed ships of the rain-
bows moor,
They have heard a call and wander far;
For when gates of adventure stand ajar,
The city holds no lure.

So they challenge fate at the outer gate,
'Neath torrid sun or ice-king's grip,
Tossing the dice for death or life—
The joy of living, the joy of strife,
As a toast raised to the lip.

NADINE PATERSON, 2B

SPRINGTIME.

Oh, to be in the greenwood,
Now that April's there,
Where the merry birds are whistling,
In the fragrant, balmy air.

Where the flower buds are bursting
Beside the rippling brook,
And the bull-frogs' hoarse kerchugging
Reveals his hidden nook.

From amid a stretch of grasses,
Near the little winding creek,
Setting all the wild ducks quacking,
Runs the muskrat, swift and sleek,

For all things wild are waking,
With the coming of the Spring;
And all five things now are thrilling,
With the glad impulse to sing.

May no cold breezes blowing
Now chill them, night or day.
When the merry birds are whistling,
And the spring-time woods are gay.

MILDRED McLENNAN, 1B.

TO NIGHT.

O, Night, moving from d'stant lands to soothe
 Man's wearied soul and frame, we welcome thee!
 A king art thou, high seated on the throne
 Which thy fair brother Day but gave to thee;
 Above thy head, like mighty sovereign crowned,
 Doth beam fair, silvery Luna, mistress she
 Of all the diamond princes she has bade
 Do homage to the King of Silent Night.
 From thy broad shoulders falls, in clinging folds
 Of smooth, soft, velvet darkness, thy rich robe
 Worked wondrously in patterns of great skill
 By softly scintillating light. Bright elves
 And sprightly fairies fly to do thy will
 Lest thou shouldst dim their dearly loved moonbeams
 And mar the splendour of their gauzy wings.
 Then come, O Night, to mortals here below;
 Thy blessing rich of Peace on them bestow!

R. CHARLES BROWN, 4B.

AUTUMN.

The leafy trees have turned to colours gay
 And now each sheds reluctantly the dress
 Which Spring will give when they once more awake.
 Those leafy nooks in which the flowers hid
 Have been torn down by cold Nor'-Westers' blow.
 The grass upon the hill is brown and dry,
 And fields are shorn of golden crops once borne.
 The lily-pad is gone, and water still,
 Where yesterday the frogs croaked noisily.
 The little brooklet now has ceased its song
 And no more gurgles on its hurrying way;
 But nothing stops the river's broad expanse
 As onward to the sea it deeply flows
 To keep each day a rival pace with Time
 In bearing all its noble sons away.
 Soon winter comes with soft and pure, white snow
 To cover up the earth from those cold winds
 Which roar so loud and whistle through the air,
 And hold it sheltered till the call of Spring,
 That trumpet call to which all earth responds,
 Rings clear and, as an army, all fall in
 To answer the command of a new day.

MARJORIE McLENNAN, 4B.

WINTER.

The hills are white with newly fallen snow,
 The wayside shrubbery glitters in the sun.
 Each tree, each branch, assumes a sparkling load.
 The dried-up weeds of many months ago,—
 The dust and heat forgotten,—have their arms,
 So stiff and dry, and rustle hollowly,
 As if to beckon to the passer-by
 To see their newest crown of purity.
 The rushes in the frozen stream have changed
 Their sere, brown locks for those of fleecy white.
 In one short night, the world has changed;
 Familiar sights have now an added charm
 And Nature's blanket covers all the earth,
 Disguising rocks and stones until the spring;
 And Nature then will don her cloak of green.

VIVIAN NORWOOD, 3B.

A MOUNTAIN SUNSET.

The sun slipped down behind a bank of clouds
 As, tired and travel-worn, we reached the crest
 Of Coral Peak, a mountain of the range
 That guards the little valley on the north.
 The bank of clouds, shaded from gold to rose,
 Now hid the distant ranges like a veil.
 The river, flowing down the valley's length,
 A little silver ribbon at its source,
 Was golden tinted, then a rich, deep blue,
 Because it ran from mountain gorge into
 The open vale, now flooded with the last
 Few golden rays, as deeper sank the sun.
 And then into the lengthening purple shades
 Cast by the mountains and their veil of clouds
 These purple shadows now crept over all
 The vale, but looking at the eastern mount
 We watched the line of golden light creep up
 From grove to grove, from rock to rock it seemed.
 The red rock at the top from which the peak
 Received its name seemed to absorb the last
 Faint rays and proudly wore a glorious crown
 Of fire. Upon his throne serene, he bade
 The sun-god good-bye and made majestic pledge
 Fire Mount would be the first in all that land
 To greet and herald to the sleeping vale
 The advent of his Lordship in the morn.

KATHLEEN CLARK, 4A.

O

THIS AGE'S YOKE.

Oh you hard hearts, you cruel folks at home,
 Forget you your youth? Many a time and oft
 Have you climbed up the silent, dark, back stairs.
 Because you knew that the front stairs did squeak,
 Your shoes held in your hand and there did wait
 Through moments long with patient expectation
 To hear your father's reassuring snore.
 And when you did but crash into a chair
 Have you not made a muffled, profane shout,
 And trembled lest the sleeping family
 Had heard the replication of the sounds
 Made by your own gross, sleepy carelessness.
 And do you now put on a grave aspect
 And do you now call us to make a halt
 And do you now put blocks in the pathway
 Of us who follow in your former steps?
 Be still!
 Remain ye in your rooms and sleep in peace.
 I pray you do not call us young folks plagues
 Because we needs must enter after twelve.

PUELLA, 4A.

O

STORM.

The lightnings flash and the dread thunders roar,
 The blinding rain upon the earth doth pour.
 The trees bend low and their great branches shake
 And all the hills and rocks with fear do quake.

Low hangs the sky, and darker grows the day
 Till one might fear that night had come to stay.
 But look! The clouds sweep by, the storm is o'er,
 The sun shines out upon the earth once more.

The glistening raindrops make the foliage bright,
 The landscape glows with iridescent light.
 The birds that all had flown away afraid
 Now fill with joyous song the woodland glade.

So 'tis with life; the storms come and pass,
 As needful to our souls as rain to grass.
 The birds, the flowers, the firmament above,
 And all the universe proclaims God's love.

LOUISE NEEDHAM, 4A

DOWN ON THE FARM.

On either side the barn there lie
Small fields of buckwheat and of rye,
And to the west the lane runs back;
The cows travel that beaten track;
A little brook sings on the way,
At which the cows stop every day.

They sometimes take a cooling drink,
And sometimes stand just on the brink
To shake their heads in adult scorn
At the young calves just lately born,
Then take their way to some new grass,
By which they seldom have to pass.

The farmer is so busy now,
He hasn't any time to plough
The ragweeds by the orchard fence;
He cuts the grain which is so dense,
And stooks it in long narrow tracks,
Till he can bring it to the stacks.

The rooster now is very cross
And likes to think that he is boss,
He jumps upon my back, and then,
I put him in his little pen,
But he is very hard to train,
I know he'll soon be out again.

We have a dog named "Ginger Pup,"
Who tries to bring the pigs straight up,
But they turn round and seize his tail,
And he begins to cry and wail;
He flees away from their attack,
But the next day he is right back.

We hitch the horses up at morn,
And take them out to scuffle corn,
We put a muzzle on their nose,
And make them keep between the rows,
Then Master Tom will sulk and pout,
Until you get the raw-hide out.

We have a lot of lambs right now,
And you would like to see them, how
They stand up in a row, and then,
Away they run and back again,
They play together just like boys
Except that they make much less noise.

The bird that sits upon the tree,
He sings right merrily to me.
At night the frogs so loudly croak
You'd think they'd split their little throats
I take a drink of milk and then,
I sleep the clock around again.

I like to see the leaves turn red,
And lots of nuts above my head,
For I do like to climb a tree,
And bring them home in bags, you see,
I like to climb the fruit-tree high
And find myself a juicy spy.

We have an old tin Lizzie here.
Its price? Well, it was not so dear.
A basket full we like to take,
And have a picnic at the lake;
Sometimes we're stuck deep in the sand
And then all give a helping hand.

I'll never leave the farm, not me,
Not even a millionaire to be;
I like the city for a day
For city folk are always gay.
But I can have more fun than they
Upon a load of new-mown hay.

HERBERT HALLIDAY, 1B

A FISHY POEM.

Digging fish-worms after four,
Inspecting the old sail boat once more,
Making a lunch to have a spree,
Just for two, or maybe three,
Going to bed in great delight,
Unable to sleep a wink all night,
Up in the morning as early as could be,
Eager to go on the gay party—
Drown to the boat in plenty of time,
Getting the tangles out of the line,
Not a single bite the whole forenoon,
Returning with faces free of gloom—
This the sad tale, I regret to say,
Of many a small boy's fishing day.

G. BASIL RANDOLPH, 1B.

"WRITE FIFTEEN LINES OF
BLANK VERSE."

Oh what a thing to ask a class to do!
A lighter task 'twould be to climb the Alps,
And stand upon the snowy peaks so high,
Than write blank verse. For me 'tis harder far,
It hurts me more than if I grazed a crag
In my descent; or hurled some boulder down
With mighty force, increasing as it sped.
But, since the Alps are far—so far away,
No choice have I, but try the mental height.
And, though I fall to where I first commenced,
With scars impressed upon my tortured brain,
I'll rise again—a farther height to reach,
And strive till I, the longest-for goal shall gain.
Such a high aim will crown the hours of toil
With good success, with rest, and sweet content.

FRIEDA TAYLOR, 4B.

MY SON.

I sit here by his empty bed
And think of how he fought,
On fields of mud, stained ghastly red
By War, which man had wrought.

I see his prizes on the wall,
And wish that I could tell
How he stood there, so brave and tall,
And bade me fond farewell.

As he went off, he called to me,
"Don't worry, Mother dear,
It won't be long until I'm back."
Alone, I now sit here.

But each day I must happy make
And think of how he gave
His young life for his country's sake
In that far alien grave.

GEORGE WILLOUGHBY, 2B

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS
WITH DENT.

I have a rendezvous with Dent!
'Tis in the gray, old science room.
As four steals on it brings me gloom.
Nothing avails! He sees through frauds.
I have a rendezvous with Dent!
When four comes round my conscience prods.
It may be he will take my name,
And I, in tears, and groans and shame,
Shall write four hundred lines. Ye gods!
No one has ever fooled him yet.
He'll count each line with care, I bet.
If I miss one, or five, or ten,
I shall not live to speak again,
Or tell this tale to my fellow-men!
I have a rendezvous with Dent!
With apologies to Alan Seeger—and Mr. Dent.

INEZ MISNER, 2A.

TRIALS OF IA

A wonder 'tis this form's alive.
To head the list it now doth strive,
But Latin is the form's chief bane;
To learn the stuff is quite in vain.
Then French comes next upon the list.
If it were dropped, 'twould not be missed.
Then comes the awful, tiresome drill.
In skipping it some show their skill.
Next, History of the ancient times—
We cannot keep it in our minds.
In all these subjects we come last;
To learn these things, we are not fast.
We're at them all the live-long day,
For teachers think that is the way
To learn the stuff.
Great are the trials of each day;
Let's all rebel and run away.

HYLDA GOWIE, 1A.

A DEBT UNPAID.

How quickly we forget the pangs of war!
 How soon do we forget the debt we owe!
 Not many months have passed since that sad time
 Of battle and of woe, yet some, who fought,
 Are now forgotten. Shame that it be so!
 For many heroes of that bloody strife
 Do not receive their share of gratitude
 From us, who should be glad to give reward
 Of thankfulness. For we, who safely stayed
 Behind, at home, and tried to do our part
 In lesser ways, forget that we did bear
 A burden light. While theirs, so great, was borne
 Without complaint. And now when all is o'er,
 Let them be made to feel that they, and those
 Whom they did sadly leave in lands afar,
 Are held in high esteem. For we, not they,
 The debtors are, with debts, as yet, unpaid.

CLEMENT WHITE, 4B.

THE PIRATE.

He was the Teuton privateer of a later day. Under the black eagle of death and ruin he sailed the seas in a steel ship. Merchantmen tried hard to keep out of his way for he respected neither ship nor nation nor flag. Vessels, neutral or merchant or war, he seized and, if he did not utterly destroy, took on board his floating fort their hapless people to languish and to suffer be-

yond speech. But he was both pursuer and pursued, for ships of the red and white and blue were on his trail. Elusive and mysterious, he could vanish from the seas in a trice and long did he escape. But one cruiser found his trail, and stayed, and followed closely, and pressed hard, and found him at last. Today, in a bay where he sought refuge, his wreck remains.

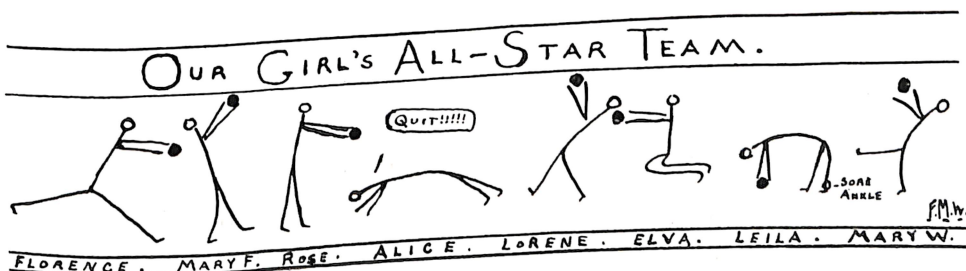
—NORMAN TAYLOR, 4A.

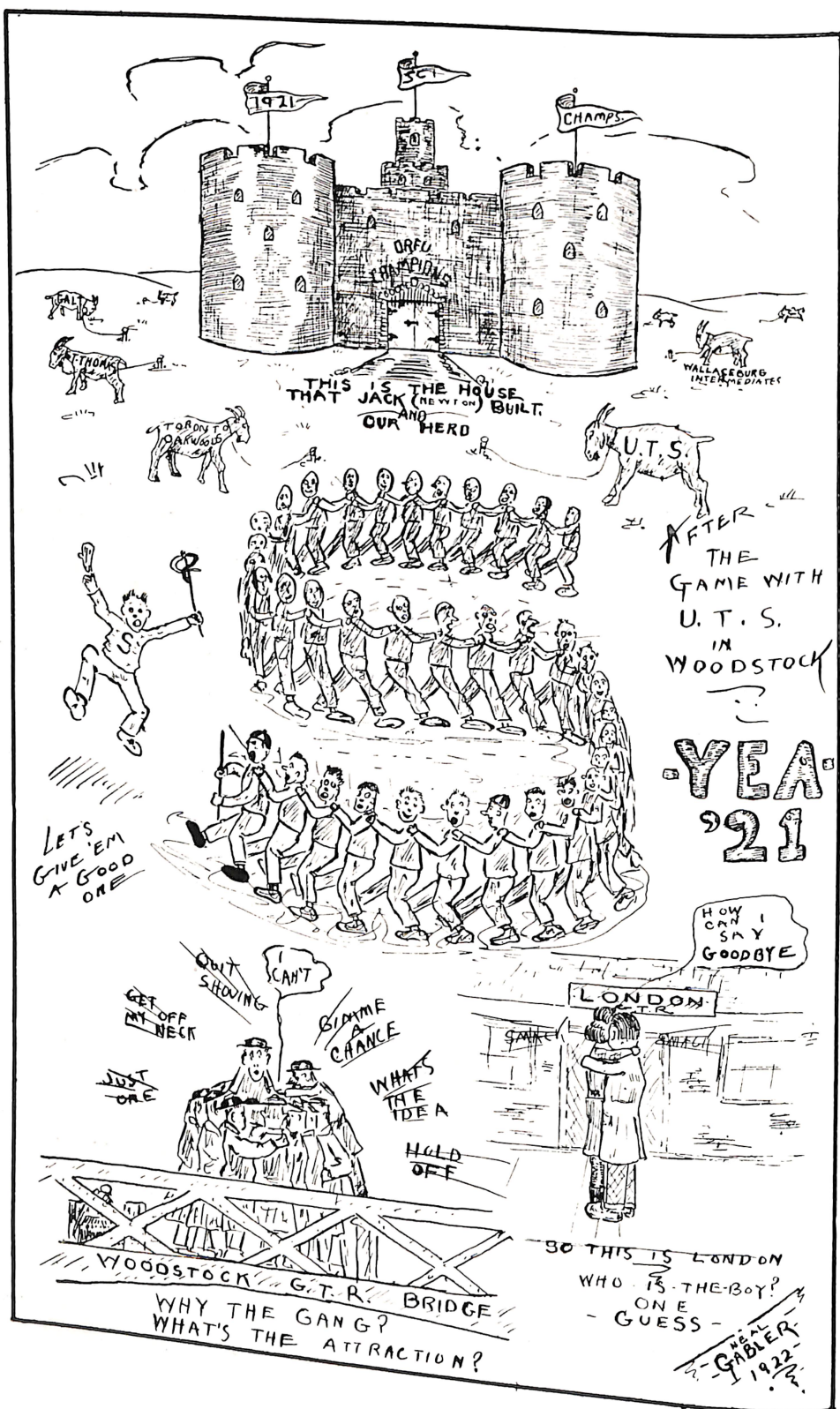
THE ESCAPE.

He sneaked along the wall, thoughts of the wonderful loot of which he had found trace making him reckless. Close behind, followed his pal, more alert to possible danger. Suddenly a cry from the latter, "Run! we are followed!" Fear and baffled rage surged through the leader of the gang but madly he determined that he would

seize that yellow treasure. On he went and on came the pursuer! Nearer, nearer, now the goal! He seized the golden booty, and was making for his den when the pursuer leaped at him in the darkness. But too late! The rat, with the cheese in his mouth, reached the hole safely and the cat went off in disgust.

—LYNN MYERS, 4B.







The Exchange column of our magazine furnishes us with a channel of communication by means of which we keep in touch with other High Schools and Collegiate Institutes throughout our wide Dominion, the United States and Great Britain. No school paper is too small to have an exchange column and profit by it.

This year our exchanges, though not so numerous as we would wish, are many and varied. We are justly proud of our success in becoming linked up with all parts of Canada, the United States and the old Country.

Although most of our exchanges are old friends, we take great pleasure in welcoming several new papers. From all strangers we invite exchange and to all our friends we say, "Let's hear from you again." From all our exchanges both old and new we invite criticism.

We acknowledge the following exchanges:

"Oracle"—Collegiate Institute, Woodstock:

You've come back strong. Keep it up. Your short stories are good, but why not another poem or so?

"Hermes"—Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Sask.:

A well-balanced magazine which is hard to criticize. Your art gallery is a splendid idea.

"Collegian"—Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas:

Bigger and better than ever. Another cartoon or two would be an improvement. The class of magazine which it is a pleasure to read.

"Chronicle"—St. Margaret's College, Toronto:

The best Girls' School magazine we have received but why not an index or exchange column?

"Blue and White"—Port Hope High School:

Your material is good. Surely there is a poet hiding somewhere within your halls. A few more cuts would do much towards perfecting your paper.

"Oracle"—Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto:

Your magazine is improving, but a few more cuts wouldn't do any harm.

"Vox Lycei"—Collegiate Institute, Hamilton:

An excellent magazine in every way. You, however, lack short stories. Track team, accept our congratulations!

"Enterprise"—High School, Sault Ste. Marie:

Small, but ambitious. A few more cuts would be an improvement. Why not confine your ads. to one section?

"Review"—London Collegiate Institute:

You're not very strong on short stories, but have a creditable snap page. Accept our congratulations on entering your new school.

"Collegiate Outlook"—Collegiate Institute, Moose Jaw, Sask.:

Small, but interesting. A few cuts and cartoons would add interest to your magazine. Why no index?

"Black and Red"—University School, Victoria, B.C.:

You lack contributed material. Why not an

exchange column in your next issue? Let us congratulate you on your athletics.

"Garnet and Gray"—Albany High School, Albany, N.Y.:

Your short stories are excellent, but why not a few more poems? Some cartoons and cuts would be an improvement.

"Acta Riddleiana"—Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines:

Your essays are good. Why not a few more cartoons and cuts?

"Collegian"—Collegiate Institute, Stratford:

Your material is good but where's your index and exchange column? We think it would be better if you collected your ads.

"Schola Regia"—Royal High School, Edinburgh, Scotland:

Your material is excellent. Why not an exchange column in your next issue? Keep up your communications with the colonials; it is an excellent idea.

"Inklings"—Ethical Culture School, New York:

Haven't you a cartoonist or two in your school? Your stories and poetry are good.

"School News"—Royal Academical Institute, Belfast, Ireland:

We suggest that you start an exchange column and also set aside at least a small space for jokes. They always add interest to a school magazine.

"Review"—Trinity College, Toronto:

A monthly magazine without an equal. Your contributed material is excellent and your paper well balanced. We can, however, find no section devoted to humour.

"Sowena"—Penzance County School for Girls, Cornwall, England:

The only girls' school magazine we have received from the Old Country. Why not start an exchange column? You have some budding poetesses in your school.

"Pelican"—Perse School, Cambridge, England:

Your school activities are well written up. The Tercentenary Fund seems to point out that your old boys are real sports.

"Nor'easter"—*Collegiate Institute, Kansas City, Mo.:*

A well-balanced magazine. Your joke column is especially attractive—no old chestnuts!

"*Northerner*"—*Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England:*

A really good monthly. Your humor is in a class all its own. You have a fine war record.

"*Magazine of Stewart's College*"—*Edinburgh, Scotland:*

Have you no cartoonists among your contributors? You have a very creditable athletic record.

"*Acadia Athenaeum*"—*Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.:*

A magazine which is hard to beat. Your literature is excellent, but a few poems would add attraction.

"*Watsonian*"—*Watson's College, Edinburgh, Scotland:*

You have erected a war memorial of which you may well be proud.

"*Excelsior*"—*Collegiate Institute, Ingersoll:*

Small, but entertaining. Congratulations to your debating team.

"*Chronicle*"—*Edinburgh Academy, Edinburgh, Scotland:*

You lack contributed material. You have a good athletic record.

"*Magazine of Bishop's College*"—*Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec:*

An index would be an improvement. Why not a few more cartoons? Those that you have are good.

"*High School Magazine*"—*Glasgow High School, Scotland:*

Your cuts are excellent. Your field club appears to be a marked success. The scenes from Venice are great.

"*Blue*"—*Christ's Hospital, West Horsham, Sussex, England:*

Your book reviews are very good. We suggest that you commence an exchange column.

"*College Times*"—*Upper Canada College, Toronto:*

Your jokes, as always, are great. Rugby, as with us, seems to be your long suit in athletics. Why no short stories or poems?

"*Fettesian*"—*Fettes College, Edinburgh, Scotland:*
Your football notes are well written up. You must have a very good XV. to only lose one game.

"*Review*"—*St. Andrew's College, Toronto:*

Rugby seems to claim a lot of your attention. You lack short stories and essays. Your joke department is good and you have some clever cartoonists in the school.

"*Cantuarian*"—*King's School, Canterbury, England:*

Your old boys' reunions are very well recorded. You introduce some humor, something which most of the Old Country papers lack.

"*Breccia*"—*High School, Portland, Maine:*

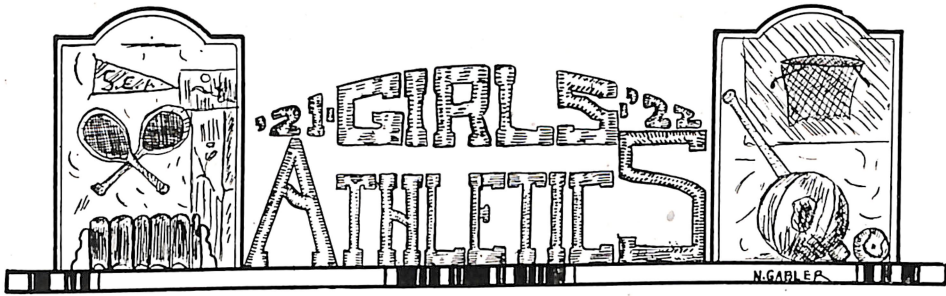
Your school activities are well recorded. Your joke department is especially good.

A VISION.

I was alone on a summer day in the silent woods. All nature seemed to offer balm to my mind, scourged with worldly cares. The contented murmur of the brook, the velvety softness of the moss, the gleam of the sunlight on the water, the deep, green, cool shade gradually calmed my spirit. I was sitting in a leafy arbour, my eyes resting on an open space where the moss was specially green and soft and luxuriant. Suddenly, advancing from the green gloom of the background, to this open space, barred by caressing beams of sunlight, I beheld a woodland sprite. Shyly, timidly, she stepped forward and stood poised a moment, head raised as if listening, her nude form silhouetted against the shadowy background. And then a gentle movement of the leaves; a whisper growing into a music soft and sweet. Daintily, lightly, the sprite

began to dance an airy dance as if she were allowing the gentle breeze to sway her figure as it willed. More and more she abandoned herself to this expression of the untold joy within her until the delicate music was inadequate both in speed and volume to answer the demands of her whirling ecstasy. Then hark! all birdland's songsters with one accord burst into song. A wonderful medley of varied notes and strains, a marvelous orchestration of the pure joy of nature written by the Divine Musician for His own choristers. As if embodying the rapture of the music, the form of the sprite swayed, dipped and whirled. So spellbound was I that I had scarcely noticed that the Elysian music had grown gradually fainter and fainter. And now it is gone altogether and the gleaming figure of the sprite melts into the shadowy background.

—HAZEL ELNOR, 4A.



The girls of Sarnia Collegiate have always been enthusiastic about sport, but not until the last two or three years, have their endeavors in this line been taken very seriously. However, their perseverance has shown results and at last the boys have commenced to recognize the importance of Girls' Athletics in our school. The girls have been greatly aided in all branches of their sport by Miss Oakes, who has played on both the Basketball and Hockey teams of Toronto University and who is untiring in her efforts to coach the amazons of the S. C. I. to victory.

As usual our G. A. A. executive is composed of an enterprising group of girls and if all their plans for this year are carried out, and there is little doubt of that, they will have established a record for successful achievements.

More basket ball games have been played this year than ever before. For the first time in history the team has been entered in a Western Ontario Interscholastic League. The season is not yet over and there are still several games to be played.

An independent hockey team has also sprung up in our midst, and although this team does not represent the school it is to be hoped that they have established a precedent and that next year a Girls' Hockey team will be chosen from the many proficient skaters of the school.

Strathroy 8; Sarnia 25

Home and home games were

arranged with Strathroy Collegiate and the Sarnia girls played the girls of that institution for the first time in history in the S. C. I. gymnasium on March 14, 1921. Owing to weak support in centre the Strathroy forwards had few opportunities for shooting but their team, as a whole, played an excellent game, losing only because of the superior training of the S. C. I. Sextette. Miss Gertrude Milliken, the Strathroy captain, and her sister, Beatrice, were, perhaps, the star players of the opposing team but even they had to give way before the fine work of the Sarnia forwards, Bessie Grace and Florence Buckindail. The game was fast throughout, despite the impression of one-sidedness that the score may convey. The line-up for the game was as follows:

Strathroy—Forwards: A. Wakefield, I. Goldhawk; Centres: E. Thomson, M. Gough; Guards: G. Milliken, B. Milliken; Subs: Electa Beemer, J. Thompson.

Sarnia—Forwards: B. Grace, F. Buckindail; Centres: L. Fraser, T. Richardson; Guards: R. Simpson, G. Sharp; Subs: M. Flescher, M. McPhail.

Strathroy 4; Sarnia 16

The S. C. I. girls played the return game in Strathroy on April 2, 1921, and were again victorious over the inexperienced Strathroy team. This was, however, the better game of the series, as the Strathroy girls showed marked improvement in their playing and had considerably strengthened their lineup.

Wallaceburg 8, Sarnia 25

The first game played with an outside team by the local girls this year was with Wallaceburg High School. This is the first year that the Wallaceburg girls have played basketball but they made up in a large degree what they lacked in experience by their plucky "do or die" playing.

Wallaceburg 12; Sarnia 62

Owing to the fact that there are no late trains and no Sunday trains leaving Sarnia for Wallaceburg, the return game was played on Saturday afternoon. The first half closed with no score for the visiting team, so all the available players of the S. C. I. Seconds were put on in place of the members of the First team. During this period, the opposing team scored several points and played much better basketball. It was evident to all that they missed the support of their own rooters, and, as might be expected, were a little nervous on a strange floor for the first time.

Old Girls 1; S.C.I. 24

Every year the S. C. I. Basketball team plays a team made up of the graduates from the school. This game is always played in the Christmas holidays, the School Boys' team playing the Old Boys on the same night. A great deal of interest is aroused in these exhibitions and the games were played this year before a large crowd of spectators. To accommodate the Old Girls, who are accustomed to playing under boys' rules, the first half of the game was played under that code, girls' rules being used for the last half. This year the Old Girls' line-up held the best players that have graduated from the Sarnia Collegiate in the last few years.

The Old Girls played well and showed flashes of brilliancy but they lacked the teamwork and condition of the students, who had

several weeks of practice. Florence Buckindail was the only forward to penetrate the aggressive defence put up by Margaret Clark and Lilian Fuller. This advantage was overcome, however, as the Alumni forwards had only three opportunities to shoot during the game. Bessie Grace scored the one point made by her team. Line-up:

Alumni—Forwards: M. Dawson, B. Grace; Centres: M. Deans, A. Callum; Guards: L. Fuller, M. Clark
Subs: C. Dawson.

S. C. I.—Forwards: F. Buckindail, M. Flescher; Centres: L. Fraser, M. Watson; Guards: R. Simpson, L. Warwick; Subs: E. Haney, E. Dicer, A. Richardson.

Referee—Bob McDougall.

Forest 22; Sarnia 25

One of the best games of the season was that played in Forest against the Forest Basketball team, which represents the town rather than the High School. The game was fast and some excellent basketball was played. The players were evenly matched and, for the first time, Florence Buckindail met her equal in the person of Rona Walters the captain of the Forest team, whose strength rested in her ability to make long and accurate shots.

At the end of the first period the S.C.I. girls were surprised to learn that the score stood 14-9 in their favor. Greatly encouraged, they began the second half of the game determined to hold their own. The opposing team had one advantage in being able to change players, as they had several in reserve who were equally as good as those who played the first period. The teams were tied several times until the score stood 20-20. During the remaining few minutes of the game the Sarnia guards succeeded in keeping the ball near the Forest basket. The Sarnia forwards scored a field goal. Then an excited Forest guard fouled on M. Flescher, giving Florence Buckindail the op-

portunity to score on another free throw. The game closed with the S. C. I. victorious by the narrow margin of three points.

Forest—Forwards: R. Walters, B. Weir; Guards: F. Hubbard, R. Walters; Centres: F. Bailey, T. Rawlings; Subs: W. Ross, L. Chalk.

Sarnia—Forwards: F. Buckindail, M. Flescher; Guards: R. Simpson, L. Warwick; Centres: L. Fraser, M. Watson; Subs: K. Clark, T. Richardson.

Referee—Miss Oakes.

Chatham 9; Sarnia 30

No Basketball season is complete in the S. C. I. unless the Sarnia team has played home and home games with the girls of the Chatham Collegiate. These games are, in fact, becoming annual events, eagerly looked forward to by the players and students of both institutions. This year the Sarnia Girls' and Boys' Basket Ball Teams made the trip to Chatham together. The girls game preceded that of the boys and was played before a large crowd of enthusiastic rooters.

As the Chatham girls are accustomed to playing with only five players on a team it was decided to eliminate the running centres for the first half of the game, but to replace them for the second period. This plan proved satisfactory to both teams.

The game was anything but slow as both teams were out to win. Chatham scored the first field goal but the superior combination of the Sarnia team won the game, despite the excellent individual playing of the Chatham girls. The Sarnia forwards played their usual effective game. Chatham made one more field goal, the rest of their score being the result of successful free shots gained by the technical fouling of the Sarnia guards and centre. The line-up for the game was as follows:

Chatham—Forwards: R. Johnston, A. Baker; Centres, V. Gregory,

D. Foy; Guards: M. Slater, A. Price; Sub: D. Vary.

Sarnia—Forwards: F. Buckindail, M. Flescher; Guards: L. Warwick, R. Simpson; Centres: M. Watson, L. Fraser; Subs: T. Richardson, E. Haney.

Forest 28; S.C.I. 39

Sarnia Collegiate Girls added another victory to their list when they played the return game with Forest in the S. C. I. Gymnasium on Feb. 10. The Forest Girls were determined to overcome the three point lead which the S. C. I. had gained in Forest and the game started with a rush. Rona Walters scored the first field goal of the game. Florence Buckindail then overcame this advantage by scoring three of the eighteen baskets which she made during the game, one after another. Misfortune visited both teams. The Sarnia team was considerably weakened when Leila Fraser sprained her ankle and was forced to leave the floor. Thelma Rawlings, the Forest centre, fainted after a heavy fall, and was carried off the floor. Both teams used substitutes until the last five minutes of the game, when Florence Bailey, the Forest running centre, sprained her ankle and was unable to finish. As the opposing team had only one substitute, the game went to Sarnia by default, with the score standing 39-28 in the S. C. I.'s favour. Rona Walters and Bess Weir divided the honours for Forest between them, both scoring seven baskets. This was one of the fastest and cleanest games played this year. Eight technical fouls were called, each team drawing four.

Forest—Forwards—R. Walters, B. Weir; Centres—F. Bailey, T. Rawlings; Guards—Buth Walters, F. Hubbard; Sub—W. Ross.

Sarnia—Forwards—F. Buckindail, M. Flescher; Centres—L. Fraser, T. Richardson; Guards—R. Simpson, L. Warwick; Subs—E. Haney, G. Luckhurst, A. Richardson.

Referee—Miss Costin.



THE GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

STANDING—R. SIMPSON, L. FRASER. SITTING—M. FLESHER, L. WARWICK, F. BUCKINDAIL (Capt.)
M. WATSON, Miss OAKES (Coach).

Chatham 7; S. C. I. 30

After several delays, the return game with Chatham was played in Sarnia on March 10. Leila Fraser had sufficiently recovered from her sprained ankle to play half time. The Chatham girls had made some changes in their line-up since the first game with the green and white which had considerably strengthened their team. Better teamwork was also evident among the visiting players. Several changes were made in the S. C. I. line-up during the game in order to give the substitutes experience in playing against an outside team. Technical fouls made by a Chatham guard, gave the S. C. I. several free shots and, consequently, a good lead. The C. C. I. jumping centre did some good work but failure on the part of the other players, to follow up her plays made

the Chatham forwards lose several opportunities to shoot. The Sarnia guards played their best game so far this year, only one foul being called. Five players were used during the first half of the game and six throughout the last half. The S. C. I. succeeded in running up the greater score when using only five players, as they had been playing with that number on a team during the preceding three weeks, in accordance with the new interscholastic rules. The line-up:

Chatham —Forwards---R. Johnston, A. Baker; Centres-- V. Gregory, D. Foy; Guards--M. Slater, A. Price; Sub--D. Vary.

Referee—Mr. Graham.
Umpire—Miss Oakes.

St. Marys 9; S. C. I. 53

The S. C. I. girls were declared

winners of their district in the W. O. S. S. A. without playing a game, since all the other teams grouped with them defaulted. They were then grouped in the semi-finals with the St. Marys' High School Team and home and home games were arranged. The first game was played in the S. C. I. gymnasium, which was crowded with interested spectators.

At the beginning of play, the S. C. I. forwards gained possession of the ball. Several moments of wild shooting followed before the local girls scored. They soon overcame their temporary nervousness and settled down to the steady playing which finally gained them a forty-four point lead.

Owing to a misunderstanding of the rules, dribbling was allowed and, although this was a new form of play for the St. Marys girls they used it most effectively. The Sarnia guards had great difficulty in checking the speedy St. Marys forwards.

The Sarnia centre outjumped her opponent and the St. Marys forwards obtained very few opportunities for shooting throughout the entire game. For this reason their score was considerably smaller than it would otherwise have been, as the visiting forwards were accurate shots.

The St. Marys defence was considerably weakened when one of their guards crashed into the gymnasium wall and was forced to leave the floor for the rest of the game. Florence Buckindail was also unable to play during the last ten minutes of the game.

This game, contrary to all expectations, was one of the slowest played in the local gymnasium during the season. The lineup was as follows:

St. Marys—Forwards--B. Gordon H. McKim; Centre--B. Riddel; Guards--M. Dale. B. Dennie, G. Mitchell, B. Whaley.

Sarnia—Forwards--F. Buckindail, M. Flescher, A. Richardson; Centre

--L. Fraser; Guards--L. Warwick, R. Simpson, M. Watson.

Referee—Mr. Graham.

The Basketball Tournament

The annual Girls' Basket Ball Tournament furnishes a means of interesting all the girls in the school in basketball at the beginning of every season. It brings a great many girls out steadily to practice and gives the coach a good choice of material for the first and second school teams. Inter-form competition is keen and this rivalry makes the games fast and interesting. This year the tournament was held during January and the early part of February; two games being played every Tuesday and Thursday nights. The Freshmen played unusually fine Basketball for first year students as they had had a year's experience in the public schools, in which Basketball has been lately introduced.

The first year forms finished their schedule in record time and 1B was declared winner. 2B was the victorious team among the second forms but went down to defeat before 1B.

3A and 4A, the best teams in the third and fourth years, played off, 3A being declared the winner after a fast and furious game. 3A then defeated 3C, the third year Commercial Form.

4B and 3B joined forces as neither form had a sufficient number of players to form separate teams. They succeeded in putting Upper School girls out of the running but were in turn defeated by 3A which was named the champion team of the school.

Field Day

Field Day is the most important event in the S. C. I. during the early part of the fall term. The 1921 meet was a success in every way, and instead of the expected rain, we were visited with the first really cold and windy day of Fall. School

was dismissed directly after roll call and the morning events were run off on the campus. Owing to the cold weather a smaller crowd than usual gathered at Bayview park in the afternoon to witness the remaining events. Because of the great number of entries, most of the races were run off in closely contested heats.

George Simpson, scoring a total of thirteen points, won the Senior Boys' Championship. Bob Wilkinson and Earnie Williams were tied for second place with eleven points each, Orville Johnston coming a close third with ten points to his credit.

The Senior Girls' Events were keenly contested. Helen Fraser came first with nine points, Leila

Fraser running a close second and failing to tie her sister by only one point. In the Junior Girls' Events Reta Finn was the first with twelve points and Jean Needham second with a score of nine points.

Form 3A holds the shield for the Senior Form Championship with a total score of thirty-five points while 2C with thirty-eight points is the Champion Junior Form.

Miss Story, Miss Harris and Miss Nichol were the lady teachers who kindly assisted in the presentation of badges. The male teachers acted as Referees and Clerks of the Course. The judges who officiated were Rev. J. R. Hall, Dr. Hayes and Mr. W. T. Goodison. Mr. W. J. Constable performed the duties of starter for the different events.

RECENT BOOKS.

(Reviewed by Half a Dime, Form 2B.)

"Better Late Than Never"—by Edward D. Robinson, king of writers. A story well up to his previous standard, once again exemplifying the great proverb from which his title is taken. To a certain extent autobiographical.

"New Book of Martyrs"—Jointly written by the "Collegiate" Staff. A very pathetic work.

"The Innocent Culprit"—by George Washington Willoughby. A very stirring account of a small boy who never committed a bad deed and who, like his namesake, "couldn't tell a lie." A psychological marvel.

"The Retort Courteous"—By Jack Wellington. Exposition of the value of a courteous reply.

"Exits and Entrances"—By K. Owens. A moving account of the author's many trips between the Physics room and the office. Valuable as a guide book.

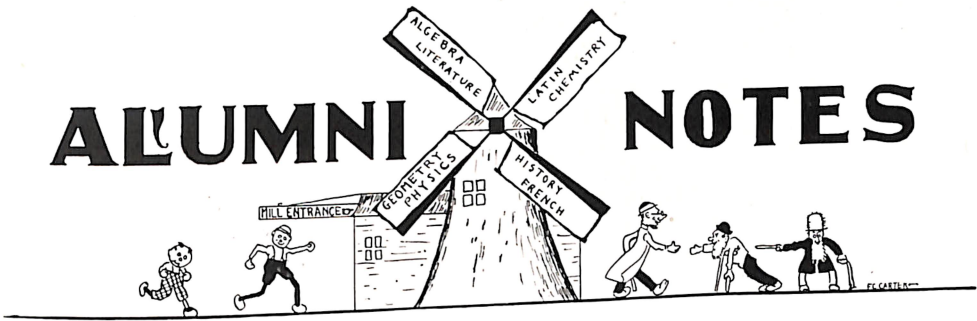
"The Boy Who Stood Highest in His Class"—By Willard McCracken. A thrilling and astounding tale of school life.

"Barbarous Villains"—By "Barber Bill" Donohue. A stirring romance of hair-raising situations, and subterranean adventure.

"The Wise Young Man"—By Ivan Wise. A well-written romance of a young man who was born wise, never was not wise, is wise, and will never be otherwise.

"Innocence Attacked by Villainy"—By G. W. Barge, the great author of "Hair Culture." A very interesting document but presented from a somewhat prejudiced and one-sided standpoint.

ALUMNI NOTES



EACH year sees another group of students leave the old school to enter a broader life, full of new experiences and responsibilities. To each and all who come under the name "Sarnia Collegiate Alumni" we extend our greetings and very best wishes for success.

This year we are letting the Alumni speak for themselves, as the following letters from various universities show.

From the University of Toronto:

Dear Collegiate:

We have such a virtuous feeling to-day as a result of having taken every lecture (that is, everyone where attendance is kept), for the past two and a half days, that we feel quite qualified to address our Alma Mater. Of course, we do not attempt to deny that we do not always live in this frame of mind with regard to lectures. How could we? It is surely not our fault that the New York Symphony Orchestra, or Rachmaninoff, or Philip Gibbs, or Margot Asquith conceive the brilliant idea of coming to Massey Hall. They would not feel the proper atmosphere about them if a good representation from U. of T. did not "rush the gods" and our presence has been in constant demand at hockey games lately. Moreover, we have had to give a few birthday parties in our house during the past couple of months. Now, we ask you, did we invent birthdays? We shall take credit for some novel ways of celebrating them, though.

We feel that we are being very dull, but all this preliminary is simply to emphasize our point,—that it would be the height of folly to exhaust our energy during the day

when our night duties are so heavy. The relation of day to night, one of the questions which our parents, in conjunction with the S. C. I. teachers, settled for us so satisfactorily during our high school days, is a problem which grows more bewildering as we advance to Varsity.

You will understand what a hopeless task it is to attempt to explain this logically to the powers that be. We tried to justify ourselves once—just once. Striving for the tact and diplomacy which characterizes the truly great, we generalized somewhat in describing the activities upon which we enter after 9.30 p. m. The particular power upon whom we approached for consolation was, unfortunately, very serious-minded. He chose to conclude that we devoted the midnight oil to the further pursuit of the suggestions of wisdom which are dropped during lecture hours. It made such a beautiful theory, that we could not find it in our heart to disillusion the dear old gentleman. But we had misjudged our subject. Never again will we believe that profs. are impractical theorists. This one attempted to apply his airy beliefs to practical every day life. He sprang

a little test to give us an opportunity of showing what can be done by the prudent use of one's free hours.

But we must not become morbid. After all, exams are just like the old St. Clair, things to be got over. (How do the ferries run now?) However, we leave you to draw your own conclusions on this subject from the latest edition of the "Arts Calendar." But, should any of the S. C. I. students, repelled by the chilling tone of the "Requirements for Admission" paragraph, waver in their resolve to come to Varsity, assure them that their course at U. of T. will not be limited to the definitions of the Arts Calendar.

Best o' luck to "The Collegiate" and Davy Corcoran.

Yours truly,

MARY McGEACHY.

From the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph:

Dear Collegiate:

I certainly find the work most interesting at the O. A. C. The first two years' studies are mostly devoted to a general outline of modern farming, stock and seed judging, dairy and creamery work, with botany, zoology, physics, chemistry and English to remind us that studies are not to be forgotten. The last two years here, the student specializes along a certain line of stock judging, creamery management. Horticulture and agriculture claim most of the men, the remainder specializing in entomology, poultry or bacteriology. We get a chance to thoroughly inspect the best in live-stock, creameries, greenhouses or whatever we intend to follow as a profession.

In all its work, the college does not overlook the athletic side. We always have teams competing in track events, Rugby, Soccer, Hockey, Basketball, Boxing and Wrestling. The last named won the cup this year, which is considered quite an honour. We also have our Literary Society, Debating and Dram-

atic Clubs, a monthly magazine and, in fact, everything that a larger university boasts.

We all live in residences and that is one of the best things about this institution, and it goes a long way towards promoting good college spirit. Everyone recognizes study hour, so that it is a man's own fault, if he does not get up his work.

Of course, a few dances are arranged by the girls of MacDonald Hall, which, by the way, is just across the road, but these act as a little diversion and we enjoy them thoroughly.

I wish I could interest some of the fellows at the old school to come to this place, as I'm sure they would enjoy and profit by it. It is hard to explain everything in a short note like this, but, if there is anything they would like to know, I would only be too glad to help them.

Wishing "The Collegiate" every success.

Sincerely,

BILL PATERSON.

From University of Michigan, Ann Arbor:

Dear Collegiate:

I do not know whether I am writing too late or not, and I am afraid that my information will be rather vague.

As far as I know, there are seven Sarnia C. I. Alumni here at school. Ed. Beresford and Bob McGeachy are seniors here, the former taking Business Administration, and the latter, Engineering. Nan Gabler, in the School of Education, and Ed. McCobb, preparing for Law School, are Juniors. Marjorie Kerr in straight Literature, and Jimmie Beresford, Civil Engineering, are Sophomores. I am the only Freshman, and take Business Administration.

Our second semester is three weeks old. All of us survived the examination period successfully, and hope to do so again in June. School closes here for the year the first week in June.

Hoping that this will furnish what you want and in plenty of time.

Sincerely,

HARRY W. McCOBB.

Owing to lateness of arrival, we are forced to omit the Queens' University Alumni Letter.

ALUMNI OF 1921

The University of Toronto claims a certain number of our graduates every year, those of last year's class being: Catherine Le Bel, Lucy Cook, Kenneth McGibbon (our former Rugby Captain), and Stanley Teskey, (last year's Cadet Captain).

Queen's University is also well represented by the Sarnia Collegiate Institute. John Baldwin of last year's Upper School is attending there, with Clare Sanders and Bruce Carruthers of last year's Form 4.

Lizzie Haney is attending the Hamilton Normal this year.

Alice Callum (winner of the second Carter Scholarship last year), is at the London Normal.

Johnny LeBel has taken a position at the Holmes Foundry.

Grace Sharpe is leading a life of leisure at home.

Bessie Grace (Captain of last year's Girls' Basketball Team) is also at home this year.

Russell Harkness (who won the first Carter Scholarship last year), has taken a position with the Ingersoll Drug Co.

Harry McCobb is attending the University of Michigan.

Cecil Spears has a position with the Laidlaw Lumber Co.

Margaret Mackenzie is attending King's Hall College, Compton, Que.

Charlotte Towers and Madeline Kenny are attending Miss Edgar's School, Montreal, Que.

Arthur Ellwood is staying at home this year.

Lloyd Williams has a position at McGibbon's Drug Store.

Alvin Lucas is at the Clement Drug Store and Carmen Millyard with the Rexall Drug Co.

Andrey Rhodes is studying at the London Normal.

Harold Camsell has a position with the King Milling Co.

Harold Woodrow is now in the office of Moncrieff and Woodrow.

Margaret McLean is attending Normal at Regina, Sask.

The Commercial Graduates for 1921 are:

Dennis Marks, Olive Kaupp, Charlotte McAlpine, Grace Bedard, Elsie Bentley, Eldora Bonn, Evelyn Burge, Edna Burley, Florence De'Ath, Floyd Gigax, Gladys Hobbs, Alex Jackson, Helen Smith, Bernice Lawson, Frances LaPiere, Gladys Luckhurst, Louese MacDonald, Marjorie Marriott, Bessie McGregor, Helen Saurwein, Ena Timpson, Velma Virgo, Marguerite Wynne, Alex Melville.

ALUMNI OF 1920

Of this class, there are ten now attending Toronto University. These are: Mina Knowles, Lillian Fuller, Mary Conn, Mary McGeachy, Gordon Carr, Frank Cowan, Burton Phippen, Hardy Hill, Gordon Mackenzie and Kenneth Sproule.

Marion Patton is now a probationer at the Toronto General Hospital.

Marjorie Kerr is studying at Ann Arbor.

David Howard is in the law office of Hanna, LeSueur and McKinley.

Elgin Turnbull is working at the Perfection Stove Co.

Jessie McGeachy is now attending the Sarnia Business College.

Margaret Deanes is working at the law office of Hanna, LeSueur and McKinley.

Verna Fraser and Helen Lockie are teaching Kindergarten in Hamilton.

Carl Manore is working in Point Edward.

The following students have obtained positions as school teachers in the country: Manetta Cairns, Mary Ferguson, Aileen Core, Helen

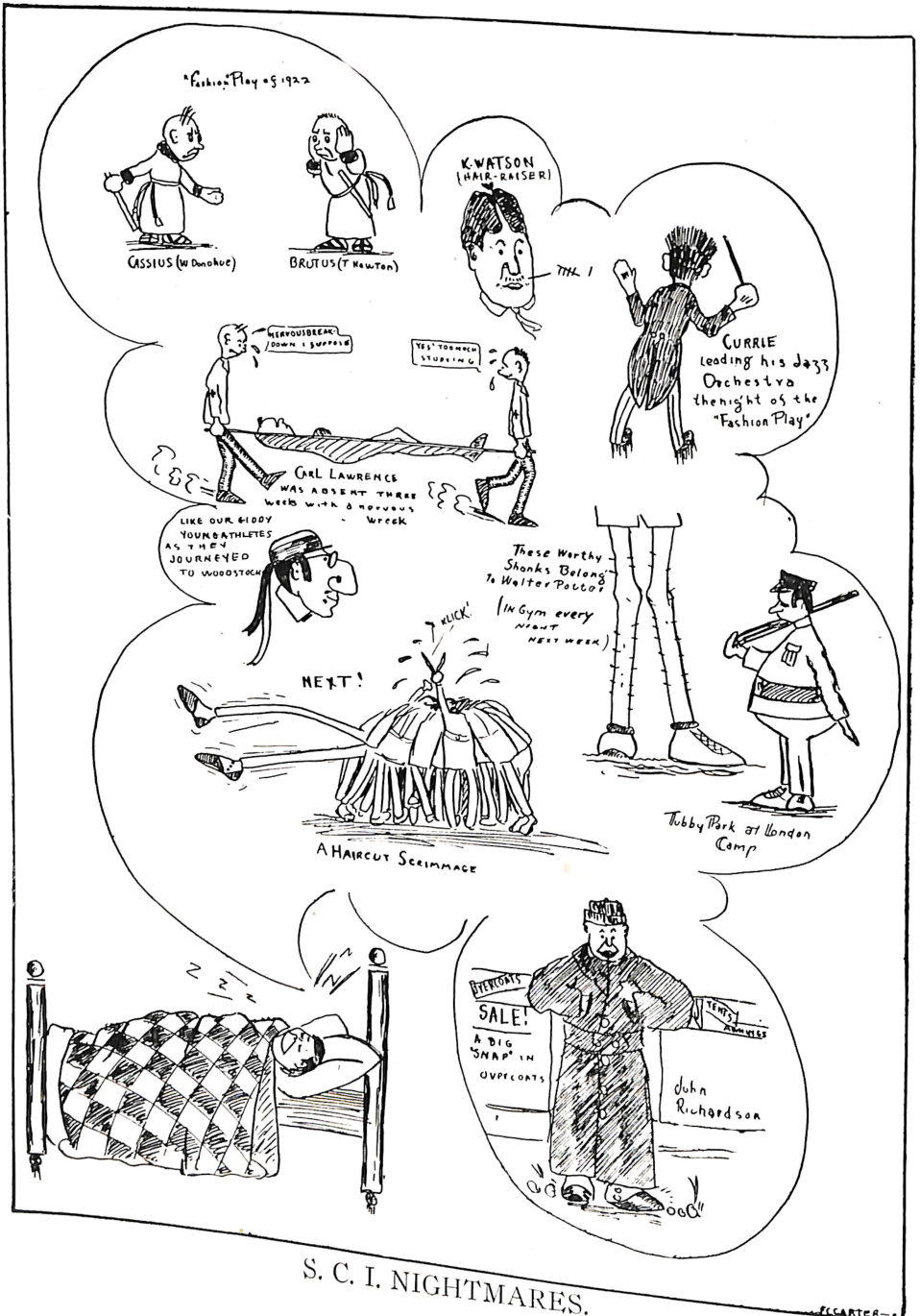
Cowan, Alice Haines and Vina Bolton.

Stuart Richardson is employed at the Imperial Oil Ltd.

Ivan and Ione Caldwell are living

in Hamilton. Ivan is a member of the H.C.I. Rugby Team.

Margaret McMann is attending the Toronto Conservatory of Music.





BOYS' ATHLETICS



The lot of a sport writer at the S. C. I. is by no means a sinecure. In the last few years, the sport of the school has been very successful and the S. C. I. has become well-known for turning out winning teams.

Two years ago, our track teams captured both Junior and Senior trophies at the London meet for all the High Schools of Western Ontario. Last year, they succeeded in retaining the Junior trophy.

Our girls' basketball team has not lost a game for three years.

Our hockey team, departing from city league fixtures this year, worked its way to the semi-finals of the Western Ontario Secondary Schools Association.

The three most important sports at the S. C. I. are Rugby, Hockey and Basketball. Baseball, Tennis and other sports do not occupy the position in athletics in the school, which these three hold. The school has obtained its greatest prestige in athletics, however, through its major sport, Rugby. In the last three years, during the regime of Jack Newton as coach, our Rugby teams have won two Ontario championships and have been finalists in the other. This year, after having won the Interscholastic series of the Ontario, we have been acknowledged by the Canadian Rugby Union to be the Interscholastic Champions of Canada, in other words, Rugby Champions of all the Collegiates, High Schools and secondary schools in the Dominion.

It is said that to repeat a Championship is harder than to win it, after an interval of time, but every man on the '21 team determined to work his hardest to win the O. R. F. U. Championship again and, as a result, we did this, and more.

The S. C. I. held the O. R. F. U. Championship for the first time in 1916.

- 1916—S. C. I.
- 1917—U. T. S. (Toronto).
- 1918—St. Michael's (Toronto).
- 1919—Hamilton C. I.
- 1920—S. C. I.
- 1920—S. C. I.

At the very first of the season, we established a precedent by beating our Old Boys for the first time in history. We have lost two games in the last two years, one each year. This year we lost the first of our two games with St. Thomas, but defeated them in the return game by more than enough points to win the district. Our goal line was crossed only once all year for an earned try. This try was gained by Kilmer of the St. Thomas team. All other teams secured their points on rouges or unearned tries.

Our second team captured the Lambton-Kent County Interscholastic Title in a series with Petrolia and Wallaceburg High Schools.

Summary.

- S. C. I. 8 - Old Boys 7.
- S. C. I. 12 - Wallaceburg Intermediates 1.
- S. C. I. 21 - London Elks 2.
- S. C. I. 1 - St. Thomas C. I. 7.

S. C. I. 14 - St. Thomas C. I. 5.
 S. C. I. 7 - Galt C. I. 2.
 S. C. I. 10 - Galt C. I. 1.
 S. C. I. 20 - Oakwood C. I. (Toronto) 0.
 S. C. I. 15 - U. T. S. (Toronto) 5.

II. Team.

S. C. I. II. 27 - Crescents 0.

S. C. I. II. 5 - Pt. Edward 1.
 S. C. I. II. 1 - Wanderers 3.
 S. C. I. II. 0 - Bear Cats 1.
 S. C. I. II. 8 - Petrolea H. S. 11.
 S. C. I. II 22 - Wallaceburg High School 3.
 S. C. I. II. 11 - Petrolea High 4.
 S. C. I. II. 9 - Wallaceburg High 7.
 S. C. I. II. 14 - Petrolea High 4.

RUGBY.

When the excitement of the opening of the fall semester had somewhat abated, the rugby fans were given another thrill when Captain Ted Newton posted a notice announcing the first rugby practice. On the next night, the campus was covered with veterans in their tattered old jackets, newcomers in entirely new outfits and numerous others, who aspired to make a team, attired in their oldest clothes. At the end of the first week, the ranks were thinned a great deal but there still was enough material to form three teams. The strenuous training period was becoming somewhat monotonous to some, but, when it was announced that the annual game with the Old Boys was to be played very soon, the players put renewed vigour into their efforts.

Great stress was laid on conditioning the team and thorough signal drill. Reports from the opponents' camp conveyed anything but cheering news. The Old Boys' team was to be composed of players every one of whom had been a star in his day. Rumors were heard of secret practices the latter team was holding, but all this only tended to make the school team more eager for the fray.

S. C. I., 7; Old Boys 6,

At last, the day of combat arrived and the game, upon which the railbirds relied as a means of foretelling the future success of the team, began. Every other year, the Old Boys had mustered a team which had been able to defeat the

students and the majority of the onlookers wondered only how long the school team would be able to hold the heavier and more experienced All Stars. Great was their surprise when the Collegiate team not only succeeded in preventing their opponents from scoring more than one rouge and one touchdown, but even, wonder of wonders, defeated them by one point. This was the first time in the history of the school that the Old Boys had suffered defeat. Never will the players forget this struggle among the sandburs of the Athletic Park. Nearly all the Old Boys had played with Intermediate teams and, to say the least, the game was strenuous. The Graduates started off very confidently and, after a few minutes' play, Henderson, recovering a loose ball near the Students' line, booted to Bentley, who was forced to rouge. The play surged up and down the field with Henderson, Smith and Teskey making long gains for the Old Boys. On the other hand, Newton, Gabler and Park, of the school team, continuously tore through the graduates' line for gains. By these gains, and by long punts of Hayes, which the Old Boys usually misjudged, and by some nice runs on the part of the school halves, the students came within striking distance of their opponents' line. They were able to score a rouge and this evened the score. The game was slowed up considerably by the penalties inflicted on both teams. This was the first game played under the new

rules in Sarnia, and there was considerable wrangling between teams and officials. In the third period, as a result of a successful end run executed by LeBel and Sinclair, the latter almost crossed the school line. In possession of the ball a few yards out, Cowan, at quarter, tore through centre and galloped over the students' line for a touchdown. When play was again resumed, the school team commenced an attack which the Old Boys were unable to stop and Hayes slipped over a touch. Previous to this, shortly after the third period was started, Hayes booted the ball across the Graduates' line and they were forced to rouge. Thus, when the school obtained their touchdown, it gave them a one-point advantage. Both teams were tiring badly, and stops for repairs were frequent. In the last quarter, play was even as neither team was able to score.

The line-up was:

Old Boys.—Smith, LeBel, McGibbon, Halves; Sinclair, Flying Wing; Phippen, McDonald, Insides; Saurwein, Teskey, Middles; Cole, Manore, Ends; Jennings, Snap; Cowan, Quarter. Subs.: Caldwell, Howard.

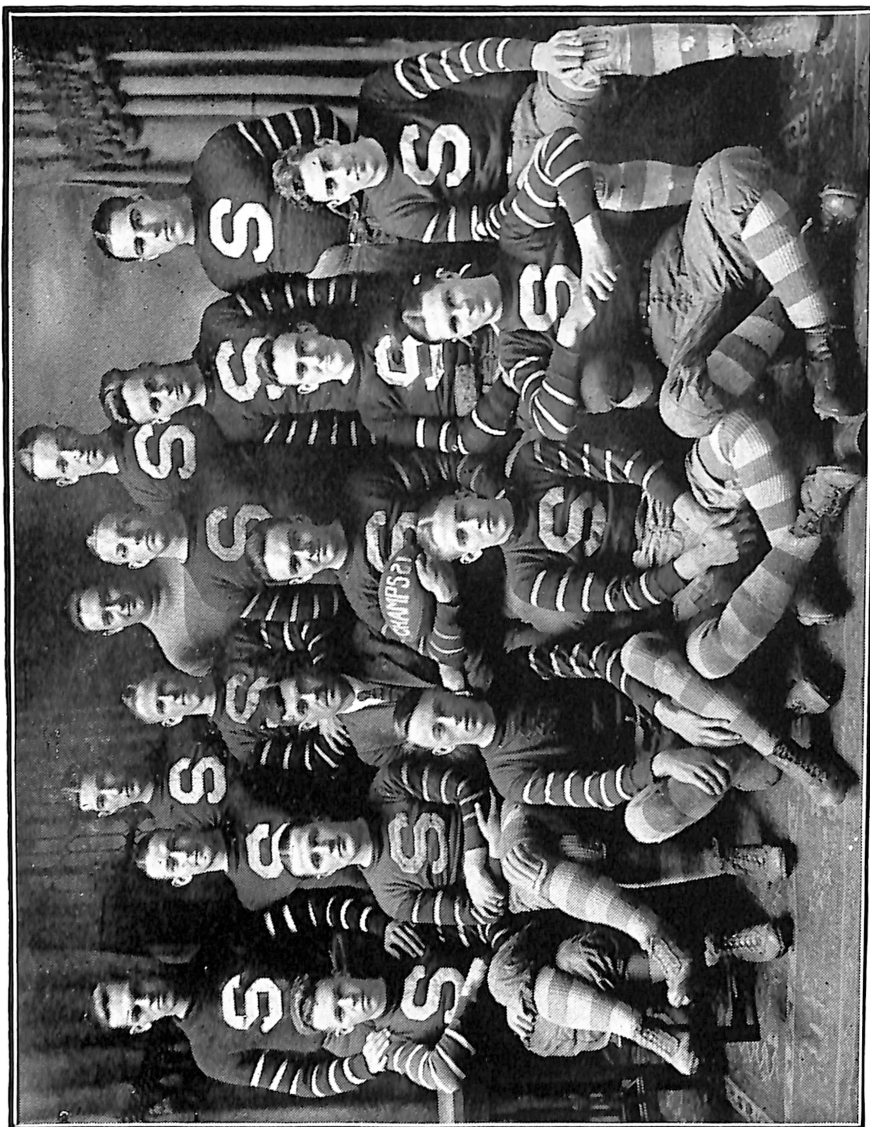
Arrangement of the Schedule.

During the Rugby seasons of 1919 and 1920, the S. C. I. team established very amiable relations with the O. R. F. U. Executive, and no friction has occurred with this body. Accordingly, basing their decision on past relations, the executive elected Ted Newton, Captain of the 1921 team, convenor for this district, thus conferring an honour both on the individual and the school. The different collegiates were at once approached, and London Collegiate, Woodstock College and St. Thomas Collegiate signified their intention of entering the series. Woodstock College was unable to play three out-of-town games, so it was necessary to draw up a split schedule. Woodstock and St. Thomas were to play home and

home games while London C. I. and the S. C. I. dropped out. Thus, the S. C. I. was given a bye. Jack Richardson, manager of the S. C. I. team, at once completed arrangements for exhibition games and succeeded in securing one game in Wallaceburg with the Intermediates of that town and one game in Sarnia with the London Elks.

S. C. I. 12—Wallaceburg Intermediates 1.

On Saturday morning, October 15th, almost twenty players, who were endeavoring to make the team, journeyed to Wallaceburg. This game served a twofold purpose. It decided the changes necessary in the lineup and proved enlightening to those players who spent all morning viewing the wonders of Wallaceburg, namely, the glass factory and the sugar plant. The game began at three o'clock when the students proudly trotted out on to the field clad in new jerseys. Though the Wallaceburg team was much heavier, they were inexperienced and most of the playing was left to Stonehouse and Gordon. The Sarnia team began with a rush and, shortly after the kickoff, Buzz Hayes kicked a beautiful field goal from the Wallaceburg twenty-five yard line. The S. C. I. had the greater part of the play in the first half, and Newton, Pugh and Gabler made yards continually. By these bucks, end runs, and recoveries of fumbled punts, play was kept in Wallaceburg territory and three rouges were scored before halftime. The second half proved much more strenuous. The Wallaceburg line-men were hitting the line harder, but Sarnia still kept threatening the opponent's goal. After having two touchdowns disallowed because of interference and overeagerness, Newton was pushed over for a try that did count and Hayes converted for another point. Near the end of the game, the school team began to weaken under their opponents' weight, but, except for one rouge,



DOMINION JUNIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC RUGBY CHAMPIONS.
 FOURTH ROW—C. GARVIE, C. PARK, B. SPEARS, THIRD ROW—W. POTTER, H. COREY, R. HAYES, N. GABLER, D. BENTLEY, F. PUGH, SECOND ROW—H. RANDOLPH, J. RICHARDSON (Manager), J. NEWTON (Coach), TED NEWTON (Capt.), W. DONOHUE, S. MANORE, FRONT ROW—E. ROBINSON, G. SIMPSON, E. HANNA.

they were able to keep the other team from their goal.

S. C. I. 21 — London Elks 2.

The showing made at London by the S. C. I. rugby team, during the fall of 1920, evidently did not go unnoticed by the rugby authorities of that city. At least, though there were four eligible teams, all except the Elks found alibis. The Elks' team was composed of players from the Elks' Athletic Club of Askin St., London. Several of the players, who motored, were delayed, so, as the crowd was becoming restless, the Elks agreed to commence the game with two Senior City League players on their lineup. Neither team played brilliant rugby—the S. C. I. team because it was below form and the visitors because they did not possess a knowledge of the finer points of the game. The superiority of the Sarnia team was offset by their numerous fumbles, forward passes and blunders. But for these faults, the defeat of the Elks would have been even greater. Ed. Hanna, on his initial appearance with the "Firsts," made a creditable showing. Since he was easily able to outrun any of the opposition, he was used a great deal in end runs. He scored two touchdowns and was instrumental in advancing the ball within scoring distance for the other two touchdowns of the game, which Pugh and Simpson secured. Hayes converted one of these. The linemen did their share and Newton, especially, had little trouble in making large gains through holes opened by Potter and Park. In the last quarter, the Elks secured their two points when they forced the students to rouge, after recovering fumbles near Sarnia line.

S. C. I. 1 — St. Thomas C. I. 7

While our Rugby team was occupied with exhibition games, St. Thomas was eliminating Woodstock College with comparative ease, and thus qualified to play Sarnia. On October 29th, the S. C. I. team suf-

fered defeat, the only time during their 1921 season. Adverse conditions seemed to spring up on all sides and Fate's decrees began to take effect when the team assembled in the station at train time. Because of a wreck, their train was two hours late and this time was stretched out until the train was three hours behind schedule. London railway authorities would not allow the team to go on a freight train that was leaving, as it was uncertain just when the train would arrive. The players with the exception of Hayes, Corey and Richardson, who motored, were forced to remain at the station. Some, realizing that it was their only chance to secure any nourishment, dashed uptown to a restaurant and gobbled the odd sandwich. The engineer of the train had received orders to rush the team through to London and we were able to make connections with a London and Pt. Stanley radial which the Grand Trunk officials had detained on our account.

The large crowd, which had waited patiently, breathed a sigh of relief when the much-delayed game finally started.

St. Thomas, after securing the ball shortly after play commenced, began to rush it down the field using a wonderful running interference. The referee's interpretation of the Interference rule seemed to be in accord with the interference used by the St. Thomas team. As the Sarnia team had been coached to the letter in the correct interpretation of this rule, they were unable to use or combat this style of play, thus being at somewhat of a disadvantage. The St. Thomas team used end runs very effectively by the aid of this interference and gained many yards. Nearing the Sarnia line at a crucial time, they fumbled the ball and Sarnia recovered. Then the teams began working back towards centre field, principally because of the bucking of Gabler and Newton. Neither team was able to

score in the first period, and, in the early part of the second, through Hayes' punting and plunges by Sarnia linemen, Sarnia advanced nearer and nearer the St. Thomas goal. Realizing that the chances for a touchdown were slim, Hayes kicked to Johns, the St. Thomas captain, behind the St. Thomas goal line. Before he could get over from the line, he was tackled and, in attempting to push the ball over the line and out of danger, he lost it. Richardson of Sarnia recovered, but the referee disallowed this and St. Thomas was given possession of the ball at the place from which it had been kicked. By determined plunging, they made substantial gains, but, when Sarnia tightened, they resorted to punting. On a drop kick by McCarthy, who missed a field goal by inches, Hayes was forced to rouge.

After half-time, both teams maintained the gruelling pace. Corey was laid out while stopping St. Thomas bucks, and F. Simpson replaced him. St. Thomas worked the ball to Sarnia's fifteen yard line, Capt. Johns at quarter called for a "Minnesota," and Kilmer of St. Thomas had the honour of carrying the ball across the Sarnia line, the only player to do so during the '21 season. This imbued the St. Thomas team with more spirit and, though Sarnia offered determined resistance, Hanna was forced to rouge. St. Thomas, with the score in their favor, played a defensive game, punting the ball frequently. The Sarnia backs returned and generally forced the opposition back slightly. On such an exchange St. Thomas fumbled and Bentley and Simpson of Sarnia pushed for the ball. The latter secured it, and, with a clear field ahead, outsprinted the St. Thomas tacklers and placed the ball behind the St. Thomas goal line, but the referee overruled the umpire and declared that the ball was dead before Simpson recovered it. Determined to score, Sarnia now carried the play into St. Thom-

as territory and Hayes punted to the deadline for the only counter Sarnia gained in the game. Shortly after this, while St. Thomas was in possession of the ball at centre field, the final whistle blew.

The S. C. I. team were royally entertained during their stay in St. Thomas. The players were billeted and a dance was held in their honour by the St. Thomas team.

S. C. I. 14 — St. Thomas C. I. 5

With a six point lead, the St. Thomas team came to Sarnia to play the return game on the following Saturday full of confidence. The Sarnia boys put a crimp in their hopes when they overcame the six-point lead and won the district title by three points, 15-12. It was an ideal rugby day and the field was in good shape. Jack Newton had been paying the school team a great deal of attention during the week preceding this game, and the result of his coaching was at once apparent. Not only did the S. C. I. team play a much better offensive game, but they also knew how to combat the mode of attack used by St. Thomas. The result was, that seldom did the visiting team have the margin of play and Sarnia had the edge in practically every department, especially in punting. Hayes played a wonderful game and it was chiefly due to his superb kicking that St. Thomas was eliminated. He was afforded excellent protection by the line and almost invariably the St. Thomas halfbacks were downed by two or three Sarnia tacklers as soon as they received the ball. This gruelling somewhat unnerved the visiting backs and they fumbled disastrously several times towards the close of the game. The St. Thomas line bucks seldom gained yards, being stopped almost as soon as they hit the Sarnia line, and their most successful groundgainer was Moody, who dashed around the end for several substantial gains, but he was unable to stand the strenuous play and tired badly. The Sarnia

team at once started to overcome the lead which St. Thomas had acquired at home. Playing a strong offensive game, they kept the ball in the visitors' territory for all the first period. The Saints, however, usually relieved the situation by punting the ball out of danger or executing successful dashes around the end, and neither team scored in the first period. Several Sarnia players were making yards consistently. Upon nearing the opponents' line, the Sarnia team suddenly changed their mode of attack to on-sides and Manore carried the ball to within four yards of the St. Thomas line. The visitors' defence tightened, but Newton, on two bucks, broke through and went over the line for a try. The convert was missed by inches and Sarnia was still one point down. This touch-down seemed to imbue new spirit into the Sarnia team and, aided by fumbled punts, which Richardson recovered, they were soon once more in a position to score. When barely three yards out, the halftime whistle intervened and the chance for a try was lost. The St. Thomas team suffered a temporary lapse and the halves fumbled badly, while their line seemed unable to stop the Sarnia plungers from breaking through for gains, or to prevent them from intercepting the plays. Upon securing the ball, the S. C. I. team forced the Saints back and Hayes put Sarnia two points ahead when he kicked a perfect field goal from about thirty yards out. Continuing their attack, Sarnia forced Moody to rouge. The Saints momentarily tightened and kept play in centrefield. Then they came within striking distance and booted the ball over the Sarnia line to Hayes, who successfully ran it out. Richardson, snap for Sarnia, had been penalized for taking things too seriously and Bentley, who was entirely new to the position, replaced him. He misjudged his throw back to Hayes, when the latter was about to punt, and the ball rolled

behind the Sarnia line, where several St. Thomas players fell on it. This gave them five points and again they were in the lead. The Sarnia team, with eight minutes to go, either had to overcome the two goal lead or accept defeat.

With astonishing vigor, they began to accomplish what seemed impossible. Fighting like demons, they made yards whenever they had possession of the ball and continually broke through and took it away from their opponents. St. Thomas endeavored to save the situation and put everything on the line of defence. Sarnia recovered a fumble ten yards out and Hayes from a most difficult angle, kicked a wonderful field goal. This put the S. C. I. again one point ahead. This completely demoralized the St. Thomas team and things happened rapidly in the few remaining minutes. The opposing halves fumbled disastrously twice and the Sarnia plungers were able to advance the ball within striking distance. Both times Moody was forced to rouge.

Realizing the importance of this game, and anticipating that the difference of opinion between a Sarnia official and the St. Thomas team as to the proper interpretation of the interference rule might cause a great deal of unpleasantness, the Sarnia management had arranged for two Toronto officials to handle this game. These officials abided closely by the rules and missed practically nothing. Sarnia suffered a great deal from penalties for minor infringements such as holding, while St. Thomas were frequently penalized for offsides and for using their running interference.

S. C. I. 7 — Galt C. I. 2.

A year ago last fall, the S. C. I., after eliminating St. Thomas C. I., met the Galt Collegiate team in the semi-finals of the series at London in a sudden death game and qualified to play De LaSalle by defeating their opponents. Again, this year, both of these teams won their res-

pective districts and, since the Eastern series was far from being finished, these two teams played home and home games. Galt played the first game here on Saturday, Nov. 12. For two days before, it snowed heavily, leaving the field covered with almost six inches of snow. Friday noon, it ceased. The boys of the school were given half the afternoon off and all trooped to the Athletic Field with shovels to clear as much of the snow off as possible. They worked hard and greatly improved conditions. Then, to the disgust of all, Fate decreed that it should snow again Friday night and the field was again covered with snow. However, scrapers were hired in the morning and, working diligently, the men were able to clear off all the snow except a covering of about two inches. The game was played under these conditions and, as a result, no real rugby could be displayed. It seemed that whichever team coralled the most "breaks" would win. Buzz Hayes, who was ill, was unable to play the first half and the punting duties fell to Hanna and Bentley, with Dutch Simpson calling signals. With the changed lineup, the S. C. I. team did not seem able to get under way. Newton, Gabler and Pugh would make yards repeatedly and advance the ball up the field, only to have all their work undone when, Raynor, the Galt kicker, who was able to punt the ball farther than any other kicker the S. C. I. team has met for four years. After his team secured possession of the ball would kick it back beyond the place where the Sarnia attack had started. As the ball soon became very wet and hard to handle, fumbles were frequent. End runs and extended trick plays were made impossible by the condition of the ground, and both teams relied almost altogether on straight bucks, kicking and sometimes, an onside kick. Corey played perhaps his best game of the season, plunging for long gains repeatedly. On the

other line, Kribbs seemed to be the greatest ground gainer. Knowing their superiority in distance kicking, Galt invariably used this mode of attack and following down fast, recovered any fumbles or prevented the Sarnia halves from running the ball back any great distance. Raynor used good judgment in placing his punts and made the Sarnia halves run for them. In the first and second period, Galt was forced to rouge twice but Raynor evened things up by booting the ball across the Sarnia line twice in the third period. Hayes came on at halftime, however, and with him to oppose Raynor, Sarnia began a march down the field which the Galt team was unable to stop. The Sarnia line buckers repeatedly smashed through the opposing line for yards. They forced the visitors back to their own line and, with a yard to go, G. Simpson slipped through centre for a try which was not converted. Shortly after this, as Sarnia was again smashing her way down the field, the whistle blew and the S. C. I. team had a five goal lead to take to Galt.

Again, it was the Sarnia teamwork that won. Galt had a well drilled team but were not quite so strong, either on the defensive or the offensive, as that of the S. C. I. Robinson made his first appearance with the school team, taking Hayes' position till the latter came on. He is rather light for bucking but, fighting all the time, he broke through for several gains and had many recovered fumbles to his credit.

S. C. I. 10 — Galt C. I. 1.

Luckily a thaw set in and before the next Saturday, most of the snow had disappeared. Instead of snowing it was raining, and a strong wind was blowing lengthwise across the Galt field. The field, which was the best gridiron the Sarnia boys had seen for some time, though slippery, was in better shape than was expected and the game was fast and

strenuous. The score does not altogether indicate the play as it was close and full of thrills. Sarnia chose the wind and Galt kicked off to the S. C. I. Bucks were not nearly as effective as punts and, with the aid of the wind and good judgment in kicking, the Galt goal line was soon threatened. Several times, the ball was booted across the line but Tinning, the speedy Galt flying wing, and Raynor successfully eluded the Sarnia tacklers and brought the ball out of danger. The play still remained in Galt territory and Hayes kicked a neat field goal from their twenty-five yard line. In the same quarter, Hayes punted over the Galt line again, and they were forced to rouge. In the second quarter, the wind began to shift and was soon blowing across the field. This caused the ball to repeatedly go out of touch and neither team was able to cross the other's line. Play surged up and down the field with both teams tackling hard. Hanna retired for a few minutes but came on when Simpson sprained his ankle. The latter pluckily remained at quarter to get the ball out, on the offensive. In this half, both Hanna and Hayes showed sterling ability to run back punts.

In the third quarter, the wind shifted only slightly and neither team held the advantage. Galt started strongly and, by letter-perfect trick plays and bewildering speed, made great gains. Then, Sarnia began an offensive of their own and, after some effective line bucking, Hanna secured the ball and, on an end run, dashed from nearly centrefield to within two yards of the opponents' line. On the next down, Gabler had little trouble in carrying the ball over for a touch. The wind had again veered and, in the last quarter, Sarnia still had the wind behind them. They again worked their way to near the Galt line but lost the advantage when they were penalized for holding. Through fumbles, the Sarnia team were forced down the field into their own

territory. Hayes punted to relieve the situation and Tinning returned the punt, his kick rolling out of touch a few feet behind the Sarnia line. Galt thus secured their one point. Just before the final whistle blew, Sarnia kicked to Raynor who was forced to rouge.

S. C. I. 20 — Oakwood C. I. (Toronto) 0.

Through a delay in the Eastern Series, the S. C. I. was ordered to play Oakwood C. I. of Toronto, which had eliminated the other Toronto Collegiates and thus qualified for the semi-finals. The Sarnia team endeavored to arrange home-and-home games, but Oakwood, because of financial disability, was not able to acquiesce and agreed to play a sudden death game in Sarnia on Sat. Nov. 26th. They had little difficulty in winning their series in Toronto, and, before they came to Sarnia, no opponent had crossed their line for a try, so the Sarnia team were, to say the least, apprehensive of the outcome. The S. C. I. team started off with a rush and played Rugby for the whole sixty minutes. Jack Newton later used the words that "the team played over its head" and, in truth, the team never worked more smoothly or played better Rugby.

This, perhaps, explains why the Oakwood team was defeated, 20-0. The score does not by any means indicate the play, as this was closely contested at all periods of the game. The field was not slippery but rather spongy, and the Toronto team appeared to have difficulty in adapting themselves to it. Sarnia kicked off and, shortly afterwards, received possession of the ball, when Abbey kicked it out of touch. The Oakwood line was heavier than the Sarnia line and few long gains were made by our line plungers. End runs and onsides were thus used to advance the ball towards the opponents' line. These succeeded and Hayes punted to Abbey, who kicked from behind the line, the ball

again going out of touch at the fifteen yard line. Then Newton and Gabler carried the ball to within a few yards of the Oakwood line and G. Simpson went through centre for a touch. Hayes added one more point, when he converted from a very difficult angle. Play remained in the Oakwood territory though Dinsmore and his halves made some substantial gains by end runs. Be-again came within striking distance again came within strikink distance and Hayes booted to the deadline making the Sarnia total seven. It was the same in the second period. Play surged up and down the field but the Sarnia line was never threatened. Hayes, who was booting superbly, twice punted the ball across the Oakwood line and the Sarnia tacklers downed the half-back before he could get out. Richardson, Garvie and Manore were down under every kick and were tackling hard. Towards the last, the Oakwood halves were weakening under the gruelling.

In the second half, Sarnia was still on the offensive and Oakwood was making determined efforts to score. Both teams exchanged punts and Sarnia again forced Oakwood to rouge. Hanna, on an end run, advanced the ball to within a few yards of the opponents' line but, though the Sarnia team tried for a touch three times, they failed by a few inches. Receiving the ball, Oakwood attempted to kick it out of danger but were forced to rouge when their kick was blocked. In the last period, Abbey was forced to rouge before he could run Hayes' punt into safety and, shortly after this, when the latter narrowly missed a field goal, the ball rolled to the deadline for another point. A minute later, still another point was added, when a Sarnia punt crossed the deadline. Then Sarnia shifted her mode of attack and commenced to use onside kicks continuously. Garvie and Manore both made long gains, advancing the ball, so that Hayes was able to

punt across the line, rouging McFadyen. With a commanding lead, Sarnia was afforded an opportunity to use her substitutes and Richardson and Simpson were relieved by Ed. Robinson and Fred Simpson. In the closing minutes of the game, Garvie made a spectacular leap into the air and succeeded in catching an onside just behind the Oakwood line, scoring five more points for Sarnia. Play was resumed and the final whistle blew with both teams struggling near centre field.

S. C. I., 15 — U. T. S., 5.

By defeating Oakwood, the S. C. I. earned the right to play off with the winner of the Eastern Series for the Championship. The winner of this series was not decided till the week after the game with Oakwood and, thus it was not till two weeks later, December 10th, that the Sarnia team met the team representing University of Toronto Schools in a sudden death game on the Woodstock College Campus. For the first half it was doubtful who would annex the title but, in the second half, the Sarnia team outscored and outplayed the Toronto team and the final score was 15 to 5. There was a great difference in the character of the two teams. U.T.S., coached by Mike Rodden, was composed of players who had been taught the game well and knew Rugby thoroughly, but all the work was left to three men—Munro, their quarter, Cawkell, their plunging half, and Plaxton, their punter. The Sarnia team, coached by Jack Newton, on the other hand, was composed of no such spectacular players but the coach had imbued into them the proper fighting spirit, teamwork, and a knowledge of the finer points of the game. Thus, it was a game between a team with an all star half division and an average line, and a team possessing no outstanding stars but brilliant teamwork.

Sarnia kicked off and Hayes gave the spectators their initial thrill by

kicking the ball out of touch behind the goal line of U.T.S. On the second attempt, it again went behind the goal line but Cawkell successfully ran it out. Failing to make yards, Plaxton kicked the ball out of touch at centre field. By a series of bucks, Sarnia advanced within striking distance and Hayes punted over the U.T.S. line to Plaxton, who was forced to rouge. Hayes attempted a field goal from their twenty-five yard line but the opposing linemen broke through and the ball went into the Sarnia line and was recovered by U. T. S. Both teams resorted to bucking, usually punting on the third down. Play for the most part, remained in Toronto territory during this period. The ends of both teams were tackling well and the halfbacks were invariably downed before they could make any gain. Catching the Sarnia team napping, Munro tore down the field on a trick play for thirty yards, but U.T.S. did not advance very close to Sarnia line this period. Then, in the second period, U.T.S. staged an offensive which nearly proved disastrous to the Sarnia team. By onside kicks and trick formations, they advanced the ball to within three yards of the Sarnia line. The Sarnia defence tightened and Garvie, securing their attempted onside, was forced to rouge. Again, the Toronto team worked its way near the Sarnia line and booted another onside across the line to Hayes. Munro, following down fast, charged the Sarnia half without giving yards. Cawkell secured the fumbled ball and a try was claimed, but the referee would not allow it, and the ball was given to Sarnia ten yards out. The S. C. I. team tore its way down the field and a Toronto half was forced to rouge when Richardson and Manore downed him before he could run Hayes' punt out. Play surged up and down the field, neither team seeming to hold any advantage. Before the end of the period, U. T. S. came within striking distance and

booted the ball behind the Sarnia line, Hayes being forced to rouge.

In the second half Cawkell, Munro and Plaxton were still doing practically all the work for U. T. S., while all the Sarnia team were taking a hand in the play. The Sarnia team was playing straight Rugby, using none of its trick plays, but the Toronto team was using fake bucks and criss-crosses. Plaxton was booting nicely but Hayes was using better judgment. Hanna was forced to rouge shortly after the third period began, but Sarnia worked its way into Toronto territory and retaliated, forcing Munro to rouge. U. T. S. determined to again be in the lead, began a fierce attack which was temporarily checked when Newton broke through and blocked one of Plaxton's kicks. Plaxton recovered, some distance back. Proceeding slowly down the field, the Toronto punter was able to kick the ball over the Sarnia line, after Munro and Cawkell had done some nice plunging.

Then, in the last period, the Sarnia onslaught began and all this period they had a marked edge on the Toronto team. The stars of U. T. S. were becoming wearied, as a result of the strenuous pace, while the Sarnia team was still in good condition and able to quicken the play. Though they offered a determined resistance, U. T. S. was pressed back early in this period and, when within a few yards of the Toronto line, a long pass to Garvie was tried but the latter was unable to carry the ball over. A drop kick was then attempted, but the angle was too difficult. Cawkell was downed, however, before he could run the ball out. On the resumption of play, Sarnia soon gained possession of the ball. Hanna dashed around the end for twenty yards, and Gabler, Newton, Corey went through the opposing line for long gains. With Plaxton playing away back behind his line, Hayes booted a short one and the Toronto

half, trying to catch the ball on the run, misjudged the punt and fumbled. Manore who, during the whole game had been following down fast under the kicks, recovered and romped over for a touchdown which Hayes converted. The pace quickened and Sarnia gained the advantage beyond centre field without relinquishing it. Then, the only trick play that Sarnia used in the game was called. Entirely fooling the U. T. S., Hanna made a wonderful run, dodging and straightarming the would-be tacklers and was only downed two yards from the line. Newton was then easily able to place the ball behind the opponents' line. This second touchdown seemed to take the spirit out of the Toronto team for a time, but Munro and Cawkell, playing like demons, worked the ball into Sarnia territory and Plaxton booted to Hayes who was forced to rouge. When the whistle blew, the teams were in midfield and Sarnia was slowly forcing U. T. S. down the field.

The Celebration

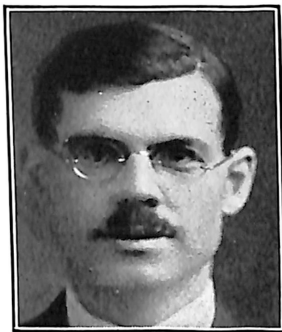
The students of Woodstock College were rooting for Sarnia and the S. C. I. team were given the use of their dressing rooms and pool. In the morning, the College boys had staged a snakewalk to advertise the game and presented a unique sight, as they meandered down the Main streets attired in their flowing dressing gowns. This procession was not nearly so enthusiastic as the one which the Sarnia team and followers staged after supper. Mr. Goodison bought yards and yards of blue and white bunting and, carrying this, the victors paraded up and down the principal thoroughfare sixteen abreast and singing S. C. I. songs and shouting school yells. There were very few people in Woodstock who were not aware of the Sarnia victory.

Catching the International Limited, the team arrived in Sarnia at

eleven o'clock and were accorded a wonderful reception. The score had been flashed home by periods and the team's supporters had gone wild, when the final score was received. Their fervour had not in the least abated even at this late hour and the champions were welcomed with open arms. Practically everyone in the city owning a motor was at the station and it was with great difficulty that the members of the team were able to reach the motors assigned to them. These cars, at the head of a procession nearly a mile long, conveyed the players uptown, where hundreds were assembled to greet them. Every noise-making contrivance obtainable was in use and fireworks were brought from obscure places. The procession halted at the Tea Kettle Inn and, assembled, were Mayor Crawford, representatives of the Board of Education and some of the business and professional men who had supported the team so heartily. Mayor Crawford acted as Chairman at this rather impromptu luncheon and he, on behalf of the City, welcomed the team and congratulated them on their achievement. Capt. Ted Newton thanked those present for their reception and support during the entire season. He very truly declared that the success of the team was, for the most part, due to their coach, Jack Newton, who, though greatly inconvenienced by so doing, had given the team a great deal of his time. Jack Newton, Mr. Brown, W. H. Kenny, Rev. Hall, Dr. Hayes, and Mr. Goodison made short speeches. Mr. Hall, chairman of the Board, in the course of his speech, stated that, as a reward for their efforts, the team had earned a whole holiday for the student body. The team was generously treated by everyone. Mr. Glintz invited them to Griffin's for the Monday afternoon performance, and Mr. Myers, of the Imperial Theatre, presented them with two boxes for the evening performance.

RUGBY NOTES.

During the past three years, the S. C. I. Rugby team has been more successful than ever before in the history of the school and this is due



in a great extent to the coaching of Jack Newton. Jack's name is known all over the Province as a Rugby authority and the S. C. I. is very highly privileged to have him connect-

ed with its athletics. His services, given gratis to the school take much time from his business but he devotes his time cheerfully through his love for the game and the school. Besides commanding the thorough respect and obedience of the boys, he has instilled in them the highest principles of school spirit and clean athletics. The thanks of the team and school cannot be expressed in sufficiently glowing terms and we sincerely hope that Jack Newton will continue to coach S. C. I. teams for years to come.

* * *

The citizens of Sarnia have al-

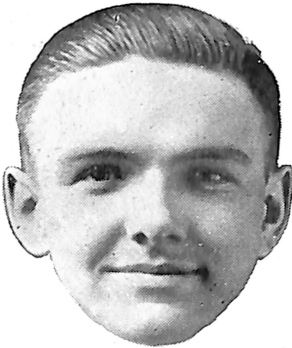
ways stood behind the S. C. I. teams and this was never more in evidence than during the past rugby season. The school team was enabled to complete the most expensive season in history by the generous support of the business men of the city. When the funds of the Athletic Association were used up Mr. William Constable and others, to whom the thanks of the school is due, canvassed the business men of the city and gained a sum large enough to finance the team until the end of its successful season. We take this opportunity of extending our gratitude to these public-spirited men.

* * *

Perhaps there have been no more ardent supporters of S. C. I. endeavours than the local Board of Education, and, of this Board, perhaps the most loyal to the Rugby team has been Mr. W. T. Goodison. Last year Mr. Goodison presented the team with a Championship shield and, at the beginning of this season, stated that the offer would hold good if the Championship was again won. Accordingly at Commencement, the team was expecting a shield but instead a handsome cup engraved with the names of all the players was presented to the members of the team. As one man the team unites in expressing its appreciation of Mr. Goodison's gift and also of his faithful support.

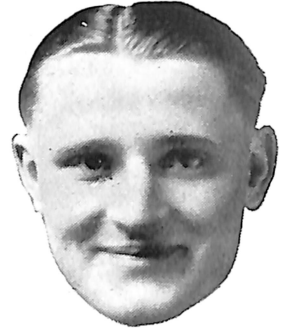


PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM



"RECTOR" NEWTON

TED NEWTON, *Captain*, and a veteran of the team four years ago. Knows the game from the ground up and made an ideal leader. He is one of the best middle wings in the Interscholastic series, a most effective plunger and a strong man on the defensive. Ted will graduate this year.



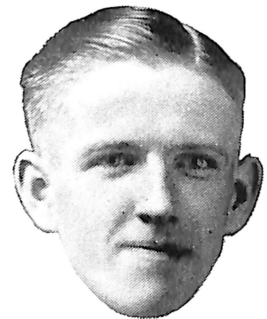
"RICH" RICHARDSON

JACK RICHARDSON, *Manager* of the Champions and snapback. He is also a veteran of the team of four years ago and played as scrim support with Newton that year. This is his third year at centre position and he was one of the most valuable men of the team. Richie played sensational rugby last fall and his defensive work was a feature of every game the S. C. I. played.



"CHIC" GARVIE

CHARLES GARVIE, *left end*, was in the same position four years ago and by his speed and fierce tackling has won the reputation of being the best end in Ontario. "Chic" was rather late in turning out this year, but quite redeemed himself by his play. His ability to catch onsides was almost uncanny and he featured in many spectacular recoveries.



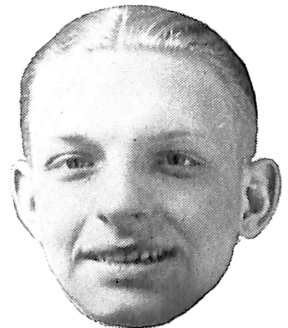
"BUZZ" HAYES

ROSS HAYES, *centre half*, a veteran of three seasons and one of the cleverest punters in the interscholastic ranks. At centre half, he showed great generalship in directing the play of the team. He was quite the equal of the best halfbacks the team encountered all season.



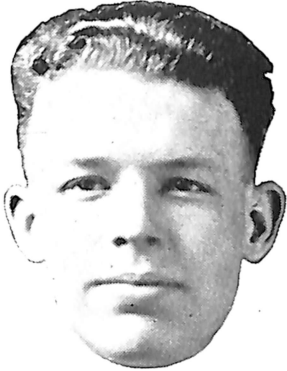
"DUTCH" SIMPSON

GEORGE SIMPSON, *quarterback*, third year on the team. Dutch seemed to fall naturally into the position of quarterback and from the first made good at that position. A deadly tackle and a tricky ball-carrier. Showed ability to cope with all the emergencies that cropped up in his position.



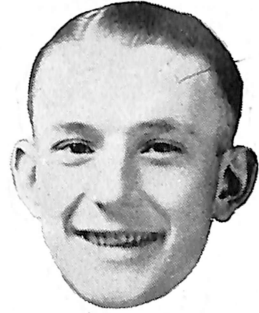
"BLONDY" GABLER

NEAL GABLER, *right middle and inside*, "Gable" alternated with Pugh. Was kept out of the game a year ago, but last fall, came back with his old-time vigour. Always hit the line hard and was one of our best line buckers.



"COUNT" RANDOLPH

HARRY DeB. RANDOLPH, *left inside*. Last season, "Count" was a scrim support. This year he played left inside for several games. Rather light, but aggressive and a hard worker.



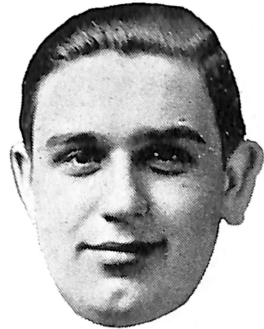
"HIB" COREY

HIBBERT COREY, *right half*. Hib, our plugging half, though not heavy, was an efficient dodger and thus an effective ground gainer. At secondary defence, he always tackled hard and low.



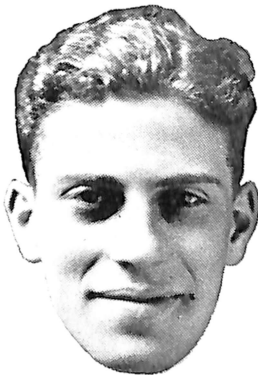
FRED PUGH

FRED PUGH, *right inside and middle*. Won his crest, last year. Fred was one of our fastest linemen and worked well both on the offensive and defensive. He began the season at halfback but moved up to his old position when Corey returned.



"TUBBY" PARK

CHARLES PARK, *inside wing*, second year at the same position. Always reliable and steady, especially in defence. Could open a hole or plunge equally well. One of the team's heaviest men.



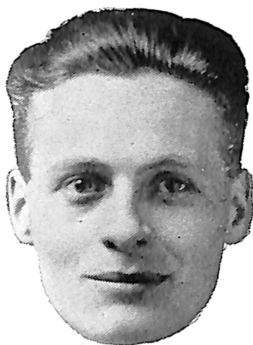
"SLATS" MANORE

STANLEY MANORE, *right end*. With the experience gained last year, "Slats" had little difficulty in learning the right end position. He is heavier and faster than last year and there is little to choose between him and "Chic." Always down fast under kicks and a hard tackler.



"ED" HANNA

EDWARD HANNA, *left half*. First year at the game. Eddie quickly adjusted himself to rugby and, with his exceptional speed, made many long dashes when most needed. At the beginning of the season, through nervousness, he fumbled to a certain extent, but made up for this in his later appearances.



"DAVE" BENTLEY

DAVID BENTLEY, *flying wing*. First year on the team. Learned the game with Woodstock College last year. Developed into one of the strongest defensive men on the School lineup. A steady player and a hard tackler.



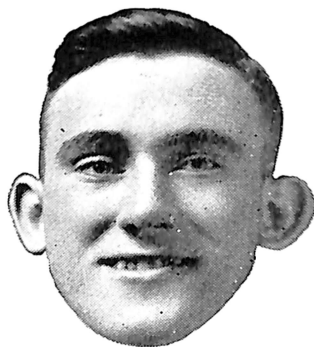
EDDIE ROBINSON

EDWARD ROBINSON, *right half*, first year he has seen service with the first team, though he acted as sub for it last year. In the Galt game in Sarnia, Eddie ably filled the gap caused by Hayes' absence. He was always on the lookout for fumbled balls and fought stubbornly all the time.



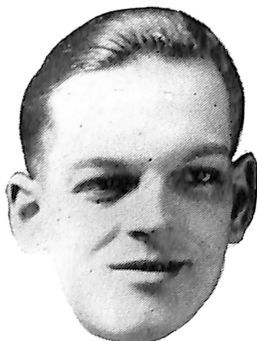
"DAGGERS" SPEARS

BRUCE SPEARS, *left inside wing*, first year on the team. Bruce did not discover his Rugby ability until late in the season, but then he acquired enough knowledge to participate in the final games. On the defensive, he repeatedly broke through the opposing line and intercepted plays, especially in the U.T.S. game.



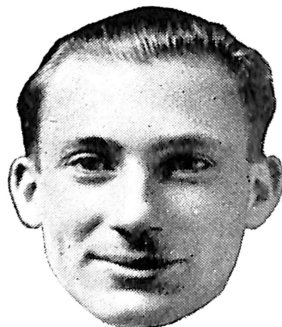
"DUNC" DONOHUE

WILLIAM DONOHUE, *left inside wing*. "Dunc" was kept busy coaching the Sec onds, but he took part in several games with the Firsts during the season. He was very aggressive and never let up until the final whistle blew.



"TOAD" POTTER

WALTER POTTER. Owing to illness during the year, Walter played through the season under a distinct handicap. Was one of the candidates for the much-disputed inside left position and worked hard in the games in which he played.



FRED SIMPSON

FRED SIMPSON, *flying wing*. A veteran of last year, and the lightest man on the team. Possesses a thorough knowledge of the game but, owing to being handicapped by lack of weight, he was unable to participate in many games.

SECOND RUGBY TEAM.

In other years, the second Team has been buffeted about by the Firsts and though they practiced strenuously all season the members had few games with teams of their own size. For the past two years, the city league series has provided some variety for this team but here, again, the opposing teams were usually much bigger. This year a new league was automatically formed in Lambton and Kent by the three schools, Petrolia H. S., Wallaceburg H. S. and Sarnia C. I., and the Seconds have the honor of being the first team to win the title. Interscholastic Champions of Lambton and Kent. The teams representing each of the above schools played home and home games with the two other teams. Then, as Petrolia High and the S. C. I. Seconds were tied for the title, a sudden death game was played in Sarnia and the Sarnia team succeeded in eliminating the visitors. Early in the season, Jack Goodison was elected captain and Bill Donohue manager of the Seconds.

S. C. I. II 8; Petrolia High 11

Soon after the fall term commenced, arrangements were completed with the Petrolia High for a home and home series and the Seconds motored to Petrolia one afternoon to play the first of these games. Neither team had practised very much. The Petrolia team, though outplayed for the first three periods, staged an attack in the last period, and by scoring two touchdowns in quick succession, won the game. This game was the first played in Petrolia under the new rules and there was considerable wrangling over some of the referee's decisions.

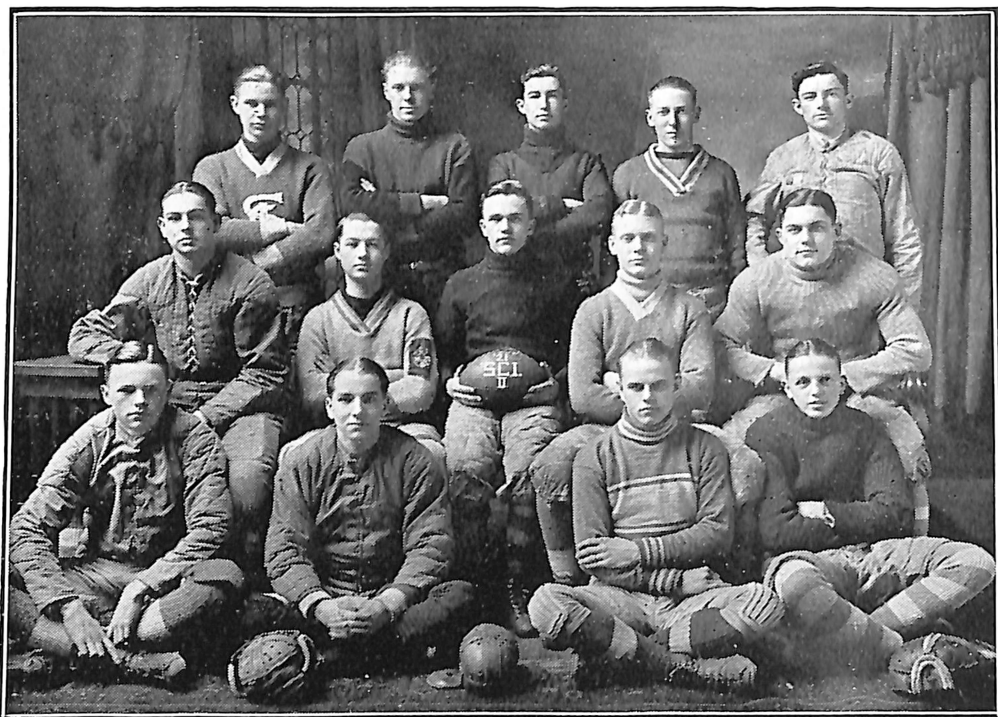
Both teams began with a rush, and, for a time, neither seemed to have an advantage. The lines of the two teams were evenly matched, so both resorted to punting. Hyatt of Petrolia was kicking nicely but

Hanna was always able to carry the ball some distance back, while the opposing halves were usually downed by Sarnia wings as soon as they received Hanna's punts. Sarnia during the first half, was able to score three rouges and the Petrolia team, working their way to within striking distance, kicked to the deadline once in the second period. Maclean, following down fast under one of Hanna's kicks which crossed the Petrolia line, recovered a ball but the Petrolia official would only allow one point.

In the third period the Sarnia halves made some long dashes and Sarnia acquired a greater lead when Simpson, after receiving a long pass from Hanna, scored a touch. Confident of winning, the Seconds now made the mistake of relaxing slightly and Churchill, the Petrolia end, fooled the Sarnia team and dashed across the Sarnia line from a trick formation. Shortly after this, the Petrolia team began the attack which proved disastrous for Sarnia. The visitor's line wavered and the Petrolia plungers worked the ball into Sarnia territory and over for a try. This brought their total up to eleven points and they were again approaching the Sarnia line when the final whistle blew.

S. C. I. II 22; Wallaceburg High 3

Bill Donohue, official manager, coach, and erstwhile player, lost no time in opening negotiations with the Wallaceburg High School team, (a newcomer) for a game, and they agreed to play the first of a series of home and home games in Sarnia on Saturday, October 27. The visiting team possessed a formidable line and a fast half division but they had had little proper coaching and the school Seconds easily defeated them 22-3. Through their lack of knowledge of the finer points of the game and the mode of attack their American coach had taught them,



THE SECOND RUGBY TEAM

BACK ROW—C. GATES, A. LECKIE, H. VANHORNE, K. ROBINSON, A. BROWN. MIDDLE ROW—C. CARTER, S. BULMAN, J. GOODISON (Capt.), ST. C. PARSONS, G. WORKMAN. FRONT ROW—S. CROMPTON, D. MACKENZIE, C. GRACE, J. CONN.

they suffered many penalties. This same coach had, however, taught them to tackle hard and low and to fight to the last minute. Nevertheless, the only score they obtained was secured by their quarter, Shaw, who kicked a pretty field goal. The Seconds were able to gain yards frequently, but with their opponents possessing such a heavy line, onsides, end runs, and trick formations were used a great deal. Starting with a rush they kept up the pace after the other team had tired and thus piled up their points.

S. C. I. II 11; Petrolia High 4

On the following Friday, the Petrolia team came to Sarnia to play the return game and the Seconds had little difficulty in defeating

them 11-4. It was due chiefly to the punting and dashes of Hanna that the Sarnia team was able to defeat the visitors. The Petrolia half division did practically all the work for their team but they were not able to make much headway with Donohue, Kennedy and Eddie Robinson on the line of defence. The Petrolia punter was not nearly as effective as in the game in Petrolia. He preferred to kick the ball straight up and then attempt to recover it and, though he was successful once or twice, the Seconds usually stopped him before he could make any gain. By means of end runs, punts, and bucks the Sarnia team was twice able to place the ball over the opponents line. The visitors scored their four points by individual rouges.

S.C.I. II 9; Wallaceburg High 7

On their own field on the following Saturday, the Wallaceburg team nearly turned the tables on the Sarnia team. Playing a vastly improved game both on the offensive and defensive, Wallaceburg was in the lead for the greater part of the game and only a last minute rally by the Seconds saved the game for Sarnia. The opposing line plungers and half backs were very aggressive and succeeded in scoring seven points while holding the Sarnia team to six until the last few minutes of play. Then the Seconds, determined to score, rushed the ball to the Wallaceburg thirty yard line and Currie kicked a remarkable field goal and placed the Sarnia team two points ahead. The Seconds were somewhat weakened for this game, as the First team had coralled Spears, Hanna and Robinson. Thus, the game was as close and as full of thrills as the score implies.

The Wallaceburg High School has fine school spirit and practically the whole school was present to root for their team. This had a great deal to do with the determined game their team played.

S. C. I. II 14; Petrolia High 2

Petrolia High School and the S. C. I. Seconds both had three victories and one defeat to their credit and as Petrolia was anxious to play off the tie and thus decide who was to be the Interscholastic Champion of Lambton and Kent, the Seconds agreed. Both teams had practically the same lineup as that with which they started the season but, of the two teams, the Seconds showed more improvement. The lines seemed about equal at the beginning but toward the last, the visitors began to weaken and Spears, Workman and Brown broke through repeatedly. It was on the half line that the difference was greatest. Ed Robinson played centre half and it was chiefly through his splendid runs that the S. C. I.

won. Hyatt, of Petrolia, outkicked Brown but this advantage was more than offset by the manner in which the Sarnia backs ran back the punts. The Petrolia halves were downed by Kennedy, Parsons, or the rest of the wing line before they could get under way.

Play was even in the first period and the two teams fought up and down the field without score. Sarnia came within striking distance but the Petrolia defence tightened and a drop kick which just missed being a field goal rolled to the deadline for Sarnia's first score. The visitors endeavored to even matters up but the Seconds successfully defended their territory. Spears and Goodison were plunging well and play was in the opponent's half of the field. Suddenly the attack was shifted to end runs and Robinson evaded the Petrolia tacklers and was not stopped until he reached the secondary defence, ten yards out. Goodison kicked an onside to Brown who went over for another touch. Robinson converted and brought Sarnia's total to seven. Fearing a shut-out, the Petrolia team began an attack which almost resulted in a score. Churchill and Hyatt made long gains but these were rendered valueless when the Seconds secured the ball, forced their way up the field and scored a rouge. Then, with the ball in Sarnia territory Robinson relieved the situation by dashing eighty yards and over the line for a touch and then converted his own try. This ended the scoring for the school but the opposing team, in a last minute rally in the fourth period, forced the Sarnia halves to rouge twice. The final score was 14-2, and thus gave the Championship to the Seconds.

JUNIOR CITY LEAGUE SERIES

The Junior City League Rugby Series had the most successful year of its existence last fall and with six teams playing, the schedule was necessarily a lengthy one. The

Seconds, between opposing the Firsts and playing in the other series, were not able to pay very much attention to this series. They defaulted a game to the "Alerts" early in the season and this placed them under a handicap. This, coupled with their defeats, caused them to finish third in the series.

S. C. I. II 27; Crescents 0

On Thursday, October 6th, the Seconds met the Crescents, a new team, at the Athletic Park and were able to defeat them with ease 27-0. The Crescents knew very little Rugby and, judging from their exhibition, they needed a great deal of practice and a good coach. The Seconds were able to gain at any time, either through the opposing line or around the end. The S.C.I. half backs had no difficulty in carrying out their runs, and it was by means of these that most of the scoring was done.

S. C. I. II 5; Point Edward 1

The Seconds did not again appear in the City League until Thursday, October 20th, when they played Point Edward, defeating them 5-1. The Point, with a heavier team than the students, were able to stop all the S. C. I. lineplungers except Spears, who was playing his first game of Rugby. He was able to break through for a gain whenever called upon. The Point played a strong defensive game and T. Kennedy seemed the only man who could elude their tacklers on the end runs. Again, it was the experience and teamwork of the Seconds which enabled them to win. The other team, though they had two good men in Kennedy and Cook lacked practice and proper coaching

S. C. I. II 1; Jr. Wanderers 3

Already handicapped by the one game they had defaulted to the Alerts, the Seconds were eliminated from the City League Series by the Wanderers, who defeated them 3-1. This game was played in a

blinding snowstorm and, with two teams so evenly matched, it was a matter of luck what would be the outcome. The ball quickly became very wet and slippery, making fumbles frequent and passing inaccurate. The teams fought up and down the field but neither was able to cross the other's line for a touchdown. Kicking was resorted to, and the Wanderers were able to score three rouges to the Collegiate's one. Extended runs were impossible in the snow but, through the plunging of Workman, Goodison, Brown and the tackling of Kennedy, the students were able to advance within kicking range.

S. C. I. II 0; Bear Cats 1

On November 15th, the Bear Cats, leaders of the City League Series, met the Seconds. The result showed decisively that the Seconds might have won the Championship, if it had not been for their other duties. This was the hardest and best game of the series and the Bear Cats were forced to play two overtime periods before they could score on the students. The game was played immediately after the S. C. I.-Galt game and, though the snow was packed in places, conditions were far from ideal. Again it was the superior weight of the opposition that caused the downfall of the S. C. I. Coupled with their weight they were the best drilled and coached team against which the Seconds played. During the regular sixty minute period, both teams defended their goals successfully, and two overtime periods, five minutes each way, were agreed upon. The Students weakened under the vigorous attack of the Bear Cats in the first five minutes and, though they were able to prevent a touchdown, the opposition scored a rouge. The Seconds fought hard to score but were unable to penetrate the Bear Cats' defence. This victory gave the Championship to the Bear Cats, the Wanderers finishing second, and the Collegiate third.

HOCKEY.

For the last few years, the S. C. I. has always been represented in the Sarnia City League Hockey Series. Two years ago, they won the Championship and last year, they worked their way to the finals but were eliminated by Point Edward. This year, it was decided to confine the Hockey activities of the school entirely to the W. O. S. S. A. series. This series was very late in starting but, finally, a schedule was drawn up. Forest, Petrolia and Watford, in accord with their wishes, played home and home games while Sarnia was given a bye. While these three schools were returning a winner the S. C. I. team was patiently waiting and practising. Mr. Richardson kindly allowed the team the use of the rink three times a week. Though "Dutch" Simpson, acting manager, endeavoured to secure exhibition games, his efforts were unsuccessful. All January passed, and it was not till the ninth of February that the S. C. I. team met the Watford High School team which had succeeded in eliminating Forest and Petrolia.

S.C.I. 6; Watford High School 0

The first of the home and home games was played in Watford in their new arena. Garvie and Hayes were playing with the Sarnia Intermediates in Woodstock but without these two stars, the S. C. I. were able to defeat the Watford team 6-0. The ice was soft and fast hockey was impossible. The Sarnia team began with a rush and, three minutes after the first period had begun Manore scored the first for Sarnia from close in. The condition of the ice made combination impossible and each team relied upon the individual efforts of its players. Play alternated up and down the ice but neither goal tender was very busy, as the rushes were usually broken up by the defence. Both teams were checking hard, but Mackay, on right wing for the

school, scored from some distance out. Again, before the end of the first period, Mackay, whose check had the fault of leaving his position, was able to score from five yards out. The ice was very heavy in the second period and it was difficult to carry the puck. Several times players of both teams broke through the defence, but missed the net. Manore after a nice rush, scored and this brought the Sarnia total to four points. Play quickened in the last period with Watford making determined efforts to score. S. Kennel, who was the individual star of the Watford team, had several shots on the Sarnia net but was unable to score. Mackay, still uncovered, scored two more on passes from Lebel and Robinson. This ended the scoring of the game.

S. C. I. 3; Watford High School 0

On the following Saturday afternoon, the Watford team came to Sarnia to play the return game. The weather had continued mild, and, as a result, the ice was in very poor condition. This retarded the Sarnia team more than it did the lighter Watford sextet but, again, the S.C.I. outclassed the visiting team and defeated them 3-0. The game was rather late in starting and only two fifteen minute periods and one ten were played. With the ice in the condition that it was, neither team was able to play very much brilliant hockey but, even so, the spectators were given an occasional thrill. Play appeared to be more even in this game than in the last. Two minutes after play was begun Ed. Robinson scored from a scramble a few feet out, and shortly afterwards Lebel again scored for Sarnia on a nicely placed shot from right wing. Steadman and Kennel repeatedly staged rushes into Sarnia territory but Richardson, in the Sarnia nets, had only two shots to stop during the game. With no subs, the S.C.I. team took things rather easily and

the difficult going caused the players on both teams to tire. The Sarnia forwards missed many chances to score. Lebel, in the second period, brought the Sarnia total to three. The last period was uninteresting and neither team scored in the last ten minutes.

S. C. I. 7; Woodstock College 4

Many rumours were heard as to the speed of the Woodstock team and, even on the sticky ice, they quite lived up to their reputation. Though they lacked the teamwork of the visitors, however, the S. C. I. team defeated them 7-4. The ice at the start was covered with water but this disappeared as the game progressed and made conditions slightly better, though the ice was none too hard and very sticky. Both teams began with a rush. The Sarnia team was playing together for the first time, while the visitors had been playing together all winter and as a result, the Woodstock team held the advantage and were able to get into the game quicker. Campbellford opened the scoring when he lifted one from inside the Sarnia defence into the net behind Richardson. The Sarnia forwards, before the end of the period, were combining well and twice Hayes was able to score on passes from Mackay. In the next period Lycett of Woodstock scored two and McCuag one, and thus, for a short while, the visitors were two goals ahead. Before the period was over, however, Garvie diminished this by one, when, after failing to find the net on several rushes, he at last fooled Harper. In the last period, the S. C. I. players started an offensive which the opposing team were unable to stop. Garvie was moved from defence to centre, Robinson moved back on defence and Lebel replaced Mackay. The pace quickened in this period and the checking became more strenuous. Neither team resorted to unfair tactics and the penalties were chiefly for minor infringements. In this

period, the Sarnia forwards checked their opponents well and the visitors were held scoreless. On the other hand, Harper, the Woodstock goalie seemed unable to stop the slow rolling shots and Hayes scored twice on shots of this type. On a pass from Garvie, he scored from close in and, in the last half minute of play, Lebel slammed one in from a scramble in front of the net. This last period attack overcame the one point lead of the visitors and gave the S. C. I. a three point lead to take to Woodstock.

S. C. I. 5; Woodstock College 10

The weather continued mild and the ice in the Woodstock Arena on the following Monday afternoon was covered with nearly two inches of water. This made fast hockey impossible and largely a matter of luck as to which team would win. At the end of the regular sixty minutes of play, the teams were tied on the round 12-12 and, though not compelled by the rules, the S. C. I. team agreed to play two overtime periods of five minutes. In the first five minutes, the Woodstock team scored two goals and dropping back to a defensive game they prevented the Sarnia forwards from scoring during the remainder of the game. Thus, they won the round 14-12. Garvie appeared quite at home on the large playing surface and starred at centre. In the first period, both teams endeavoured to bore in past the defence by using combination but invariably the puck would be stopped by the water and the rush would be fruitless. Shortly after play was begun Garvie scored on a pass from Hayes. Elliott, boring in, lifted a rebound into the nets behind Richardson, but LeBel again placed the S. C. I. in the lead when he scored from close in. Play surged up and down and before the end of the period, McCuag evened the score. In the second period, the Woodstock team changed their mode of attack and, while the Sarnia defence were puz-



THE HOCKEY TEAM

STANDING—S. MANORE, C. GARVIE, G. SIMPSON (Trainer), N. GABLER, D. MACKAY. SITTING—H. JENKINS, R. HAYES (Capt.), J. RICHARDSON, E. ROBINSON, C. LEBEL.

zling out this new method, the opposing forwards scored five goals in as many minutes. Meanwhile, Garvie, Hayes and Lebel were keeping Harper busy but hampered by the water, these players missed several goals by a fraction of an inch. Sometimes, the puck hit the post, other times it flipped up over the net, so in this period the S. C. I. did not score. The visiting team appeared to gain control of themselves in the third period and though Campbellford ambled through the defence for the easiest goal of the game the Woodstock forwards were kept at a distance. They tried long distance attacks on the Sarnia net but it had no effect on the score. Lebel, taking advantage of Harper's weakness, shot from far out and twice the puck rolled in. In the

last few minutes of the game, Hayes received a pass from Lebel, who had been shoved into the corner, and scored from a scramble in front of the Woodstock net. This goal tied the round and, after a few minutes rest, the first overtime period began. Lycett shot from well out and the puck, rebounding from the boards, rolled in front of the net. A mixup ensued and a Woodstock player shoved the rubber into the net. Play moved down to the Woodstock goal but in the same five minute period Campbellford shot and the puck rebounded off someone's skates into the net. This last goal was enough to discourage any team but the Sarnia players fought to the last minute but were unable to penetrate the five man defence of the College team. Thus the score

ended 10-5 and the Woodstock team won the round by two goals, 14-12.

It speaks well for the S. C. I. team that they were the only team to defeat the Woodstock team in

any game this year. All honour to Woodstock College—Hockey Champions of the W. O. S. S. A. The S. C. I. players consider the W. C. team one of the finest collections of sports they ever encountered.

BASKET BALL.

Soon after the close of the rugby season a mass meeting of basketball fans was held and Jack Currie elected acting manager. He immediately began to organize a team and, on the pre-season form they displayed, the S. C. I. team should have advanced much farther in the basket ball race. But the old-time jinx of the S. C. I. appeared at the most critical times and the hopes of our quintet were shattered when they were eliminated by Strathroy. Several of last year's players had graduated but their places were most ably filled by those who starred for the second team last year. Moreover Johnston, who had been unable to participate in any sport for more than a year, was able to return to his old position at centre. At a later meeting of the team Currie was elected Captain and Orv Johnston, manager.

During the Christmas week the Old Boys' team challenged the Firsts to battle and their challenge was accepted. With such stars as Jennings, Howard and Bob MacDougall, of the Varsity Firsts Basketball team the school team had little chance to win and were defeated 36-22. This game revealed the weaknesses of the team and after the holidays these were immediately remedied.

S. C. I. 17; Strathroy C. I. 16

In past years Strathroy Collegiate has always developed a fast Basketball team and this year was no exception. Playing on their own floor the S. C. I. team were lucky enough to win in a last minute rally by one point 17-16.

The game was very closely con-

tested and interesting to watch. First one team would gain and then the other. Never during the whole evening was one team more than two points ahead of their opponent. Strathroy started with a rush and, before the Sarnia team was properly in the game, they scored the first basket. They continued to lead during the first half, and at half time the score was 6-4 in their favor. The visitors had a most effective mode of attack which at first puzzled the Sarnia defence but toward the last the Strathroy team had to resort to individual efforts upon which the S. C. I. team seemed to rally. Johnston scored as soon as play was resumed, tying the score and soon Sarnia gained the lead. Though they threatened many times in the latter part of this period, the Strathroy team was unable to overcome the lead. The checking became very close in this period and both teams suffered from fouls. The S. C. I. team appeared to have the advantage now and their combination improved. Currie and Johnston were fed continuously by the guards and they scored the majority of the Sarnia points. Of the Strathroy forwards Nicholson and Lamont appeared the best, the former scoring four baskets. Lamont dropped in a couple of sensational baskets from centre floor.

The Strathroy players were billeted by the Sarnia students and, after the game, a dance was given in their honour.

S. C. I. 18; Strathroy C. I. 26

On the following Friday the S.C.I. team journeyed to Strathroy for the return game with that school.

On their own floor, which was much larger than that of the Sarnia gym, the Strathroy players were able to use their mode of attack much more successfully than they could in Sarnia. The result was that, though they offered a stubborn resistance all through the game, the Sarnia team was defeated 26-18. It was the first half which proved most disastrous to Sarnia. During this period, the visiting team seemed unable to get under way and the defence could not stem the Strathroy attack on the larger floor. This game was even more strenuous than the one in Sarnia and the game was held up several times for injuries to players. The score at the end of the first half was 10-4 in favor of Strathroy. The condition of the Sarnia players stood them in good stead, and, in the second period they were quite equal to their opponents. Johnston and Simpson, who was playing his first game of the season, were able to penetrate the Strathroy defence and each scored seven points. Currie and Kennedy each scored a sensational basket. For Strathroy, Nicholson and Lamont with his long range attack, did most of the scoring. In the second half Corey and Robinson, the Sarnia guards, solved the Strathroy attack to a large extent and play was much even, Strathroy scoring 16 points while the Sarnia forwards scored 14. This gave the Strathroy team a lead of eight points on the game, 26-18 and a seven point lead on the round.

After the game the Sarnia team were entertained at a dance given in their honour by the Strathroy High School. The lineup for the game was:

S. C. I.—Currie, (Capt.), E. Kennedy, F. Simpson, Forwards; Johnston, Centre; Corey, Robinson, R. Kennedy, Guards.

Strathroy C. I.—Sexton, R. Nicholson, Fortner, Forwards; Lamont, Centre; Taylor, Limon, F. Nicholson, Guards.

S. C. I. 26; Chatham C. I. 19

A fortnight later, the Chatham team played the return game of the series in Sarnia and the S. C. I. team, displaying a complete reversal of form, defeated them 26-19. Incidentally, this was the first defeat of the season for the visitors. Whereas, in Chatham, the Sarnia forwards had a great deal of trouble in scoring, they all were able to find the basket on this occasion and the Sarnia defence combated the attack of the opposing forwards successfully. Blonde was not nearly so effective as in the first game, but he excelled in free shots and five of Chatham's points were scored by him in this manner. These fouls were only for slight infringements of the rules and the game, though fast and strenuous, was not rough. In the first half, the Sarnia team began the scoring at once, and keeping up the pace throughout, they were leading at the end of the first period 15-4. The Chatham team in the second period staged a strong rally but they were only successful in reducing the lead. Dodman was effective for the visitors and Captain Currie played exceptionally well for the S. C. I., scoring a total of nine points and making several assists. Johnston checked Blonde closely and put in three spectacular baskets from far out. The Sarnia guards checked hard but fairly and Robinson besides successfully breaking up the Chatham attacks, was also able to score a basket for his team.

The lineups were:

Chatham —Dodman, Blackburn. Forwards; Blonde, Centre; Rutherford, Elliott, Lane, Aiken, Guards.

S. C. I.—Currie, E. Kennedy, F. Simpson, Forwards; Johnston, Centre; Corey, Robinson, R. Kennedy, Guards.

S. C. I. 21; Marine City 25

For the past few years, a series of games has been arranged with Marine City High School, but, this



THE BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

STANDING — E. ROBINSON, C. WOODROW, MR. DINSMORE (Coach), O. JOHNSON (Mgr.), H. COREY.
SITTING—F. SIMPSON, J. CURRIE (Capt.), E. KENNEDY.

year, arrangements could only be completed whereby Marine City H. S. boys' quintet played in Sarnia. Last year, the Americans won the series quite easily but this year they won the one game played by a very small margin, 25-21. The visitors were very heavy and played well together. Added to this, they were all good shots. The game was played under American rules. Both teams started out at a fast pace and playing only ten minute periods, were able to maintain the strenuous pace all through the game. The guards checked hard and one or two casualties resulted but the game was entirely clean. Currie was indisposed and did not start, but when the visitors appeared to be too much for his team, he got into the game. This evened matters a great deal

and the Sarnia team began an offensive which almost placed them in the lead. The lead of the Marine City team was, however, too great, and, at half time, they were still four points ahead. The opposing defence was strong but the Sarnia players worked in repeatedly and as Johnston was a trifle out in his shooting, Currie and Kennedy were the chief scorers for the S. C. I. Shortly after half time, the Sarnia team tied the visitors, but the American forwards, Barkey and Kirchman, scored two more baskets and the Sarnia team was unable to overcome this advantage.

S. C. I. 7; London C. I. 12

The sporting spirit of London C.I. seems to have improved with their new school for they agreed to a

home and home Basketball series with the S. C. I. On March 11, the Sarnia team played in London and the L. C. I., for the first time in half a dozen years, inflicted a defeat on an S. C. I. team. The game was close at all stages but the Sarnia forwards appeared to be off colour in their shooting. Lawrence and Williamson seemed to have the least trouble in evading the Sarnia defence and they did most of the scoring for the London team. Toward the latter part of the game the S. C. I. forwards appeared to recover and Currie and Kennedy began an offensive which nearly overcame the opponent's lead. But they had started too late, and, when the final whistle blew, the L. C. I. quintet was leading by five points.

S. C. I. 35; London C. I. 17

On the following Friday, the London Team met the S. C. I. quintet in the return game on the Sarnia floor and, displaying much better form, the Sarnia team defeated the visitors 35-17. The School acquired a lead shortly after play was begun and, though the L. C. I. team offered a strenuous resistance, the S. C. I. team was never in danger of being beaten. The mode of attack used by Currie, Johnston and Kennedy apparently puzzled the London defence and the Sarnia forwards had little difficulty in scoring. The Sarnia defence, on the other hand, closely watched the opposing forwards and it was rarely that the latter were able to break through. Five of the visitor's points were scored by Lawrence, on free shots and practically every member of the London team scored a basket. Currie played sensational

basketball and was, perhaps the best for Sarnia. With the other forwards, Kennedy and Johnston, he continued to add to the Sarnia total and at the end of the game the School team was eighteen points in the lead.

SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

This year the Seconds were left in a bad predicament when the stars of last year's Second team graduated to the Firsts. As a result the team had no forwards and it is only now, with the season almost at an end, that a team of any importance has been created. Since before Christmas, the majority of those on the Seconds have given the Firsts opposition in their practices. The Seconds were not organized soon enough to play any games with out side teams and, though Capt. Chas. Woodrowe and Manager Clement White endeavoured to secure games with Petrolea and Watford, they were not successful. The Seconds have, however, participated in several preliminary games with the Firsts before the girls' game with Forest and the one when they defeated the Third Year Dubs by a small margin.

This latter game was played prior to the St. Marys C. I. and S. C. I. Girls' game and most of the spectators agreed that, of the two, it was the more exciting. Hard checking was the order of the day and the Seconds were able to win principally because Woodrowe was able to put the majority of his free shots in. Knocks were given and taken quite as a matter of course and it was a wonder to the spectators that the participants were able to stand up under the gruelling they received.

TRACK MEET.

Soon after the students begin their spring term, the athletes of the school will begin practising for the Annual Spring Track Meet held under the auspices of the W. O. S. S.A. Two years ago, when this meet was

inaugurated, the S. C. I. won both the Senior and Junior Championships. Last Spring, Brantford C. I. won the Senior trophy, but our Junior team successfully defended the Junior Championship and the trophy

still rests in the Trophy Cabinet at the school. McGibbon and Lebel important members of last year's Senior team, have graduated but, from the present outlook, this year's Senior team will be even stronger than that which won the title two years ago. Several of last year's Juniors have graduated to Senior ranks and still there are plenty of aspiring athletes to take their places.

The date of the meet was changed to May 21, last spring and in the future, it will be held on the Saturday previous to May 24.

At the beginning of the afternoon of the 1921 meet, the Sarnia runners did not appear to have much of a chance, but as the events proceeded the Juniors' points began to accumulate. Kennedy, jumping into the lead at the start, maintained a heart-breaking pace for the half mile and led the field at all times. Incidentally he clipped several seconds off last year's record and received not only the silver medal for first place, but, also a gold medal for setting a new record. He was the only Sarnia Junior to make a new record, but, in the 120 yard low hurdles, Don Mackay was just one second lower than Moody, who made the record the year before. Stan Manore also qualified to run in the finals of this race and finished fourth. In the other sprints, though the Sarnia runners reached the finals, they were eliminated by sprinters from Windsor and London. In the 440 yard dash both Sarnia representatives scored points Ernie Williams finishing second and Ted Kennedy third. In the shot put Fred Pugh made a record throw but he made a technical error and his put was not measured. In his other efforts, he put the shot far enough to win third place. The Seniors appeared to suffer somewhat from ill luck. Ed Hanna became ill and being unable to display his usual speed was eliminated in the finals. Johnny Lebel qualified for the finals of the 220 yard sprint

and was well in the lead when the sole of his shoe gave way and tripped him. However, in the 120 yard high hurdles he made a new record in perhaps the most spectacular event of the day. Lebel and McGibbon of Sarnia, Moody of St. Thomas and Adams of Brantford qualified for the finals. They remained even until the second last hurdle and then the two S. C. I. hurdlers drew away. At the finish, however, there was no more than a few inches between the three. In the pole vault, jumps and the half mile, Sarnia's Senior representatives did not gain a place. The Senior Trophy was won by Brantford C. I., Adams, who has twice won the individual championship, nearly acquired enough points to win the trophy without the aid of his team mates.

Two years ago, the Port Huron High School sent their track teams to compete with the S. C. I. teams and the Canadians defeated them. This was the first time such an international event had been held. Last spring the P. H. H. S. invited the Sarnia teams to participate in a dual meet but, since the school play and the London meet were taking so much time, their invitation could not be accepted. St. Clair High School also endeavoured to arrange a dual meet but the S. C. I. was forced to refuse their invitation. It is to be hoped this spring a dual meet will be arranged, as it not only binds the schools closer together but provides members of both teams with experience for the larger meets.

Members of the Junior Championship Track Team—Don Mackay, Bob Wilkinson, Ernie Williams, Stan Manore, Ted Kennedy, Eddie Robinson, Fred Pugh.

Members of the Senior Track Team—Johnny Lebel, Ken McGibbon, Bill Miller, Ed Hanna, Russell Harkness, Bruce Spears, Hibbert Corey, George Simpson, Ross Hayes Ted Newton.

BASEBALL.

There has always been an abundance of capable baseball players at the School and usually each spring an Interform baseball schedule is arranged. The present campus has at no time been suited for a diamond and with the annex added to the school nearly all games had to be played on other fields. Owing to the lack of a suitable diamond, the interform series could not very well be arranged. However, a School team was formed and, although only one or two practices had been held, Manager Orville Johnston completed arrangements with the Port Huron Senior High nine for a home and home series.

.. S. C. I. 2; Port Huron High 5

One ideal Thursday afternoon, the first of these games was played in Port Huron. The S. C. I. team until the latter part of the game played after the manner of the Big Leaguers and the better drilled and more experienced American team appeared to hold no advantage. Both Sperry, the opposing pitcher, and Teskey, the S. C. I. hurler, allowed very few hits but the Sarnia defence weakened at the most critical moment and, profiting by their miscues, the Port Huron team assumed a lead which the visitors could not overcome. The final score was 5-2 in favor of Port Huron. The return game would undoubtedly have proved even more exciting but, unfortunately, the Port Huron team started their interscholastic series and were unable to meet the S. C. I. team.

S. C. I. 9; Port Huron Junior High 3

When the Port Huron Senior High informed the Collegiate nine that they would be unable to play the return game, they proposed that a game be arranged with Junior High and this was done. This game was played on the diamond at the old school and thus no real base-

ball ability could be displayed by either team. The S. C. I. team proved to be the more experienced of the two but this team offered more strenuous resistance than the St. Clair nine and while the S. C. I. team scored nine runs the visitors were able to score three. On a proper diamond, the Sarnia victory might have been more complete because they appeared to be superior in all positions and were heavier hitters. The roughness of the field made fielding the ball very difficult. Before a return game could be arranged for examinations were upon us and baseball had to be abandoned.

The S. C. I. lineup for these series was a strong one. With several of these players back, a very strong team will represent the School again this spring.

McCobb, pitcher and second base; McGibbon, third base; Corey, catcher and left field; Garvey, first base; Currie, catcher and left field; Manore, centre field; Teskey, pitcher and second base; Hayes, shortstop; Grace, right field; J. Lebel, right field; D. Mackay, centre field.

S. C. I. 15; St. Clair H. S. 1

The team was enthusiastic and eager for more games. The St. Clair High School nine wished to participate in a series of exhibition games and, a few weeks after their first game, a greatly improved S.C.I. nine met the American team on the Athletic Park diamond. The St. Clair team did not appear to be in the same class as the Sarnia team the latter defeating the visitors 15-1. The visitor's battery was their weak spot and the Sarnia batters were easily able to solve the delivery of both the visiting pitchers. McCobb, Currie, Lebel and McGibbon had a batting average for this game around the 1000 mark. the latter player made a three base hit, the longest of the day. At times the support of the

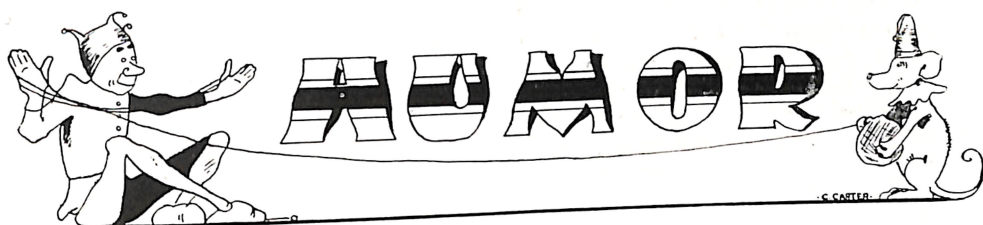
American hurlers was very poor and this accounted for the large score. Teskey, who pitched for the first six innings, had little trouble in puzzling the St. Clair batters. The few hits the visitors did make were well taken care of by the S. C. I.

defence and for the first six innings the opposing team did not score. In the seventh inning, McCobb relieved Teskey and, though he allowed but one hit, miscues on the part of the Sarnia infield enabled the runner to score.



ANNOUNCING THE FILMS

- "The Monkey"—A gripping tail.
- "Secret Surgery"—At cut rates.
- "The Human Heart"—This beats them all.
- "Limburger Cheese"—It turns them away.
- "Wedded and Parted"—In two parts.
- "The Sledgehammer"—A smashing success.
- "The Sign of the Optician"—A gigantic spectacle.
- "Eyes, Nose and Throat"—A feature production.
- "The Thunderbolt"—A crashing hit.
- "The Toothache"—Will make you roar.
- "Her Weight in Gold"—On a stupendous scale.
- "The Lost Car"—Don't miss this.
- "Torn Asunder"—A ripping Show.
- "The Wicked Cue"—A National attraction.
- "How to Handle Pests"—An educational picture. Bring your mother-in-law.
- "The Wedding Ring"—Its a Goldwyn.
- "The Shriek"—Special Orchestra this week.
- "Back Pay"—Get in line early.
- "The Final Game"—Worth going miles to see.
- "Don't Tell Everything"—Time to stop.



Enigma.

Scarrow—"Hey, Ferg., I would like to see you apart for a minute."
 Bob—"Say, kid, whadda yuh think I am, a puzzle for the little ones."

* * * * *

Jack—"I could dance on like this forever."
 Win—"Oh, I'm sure you don't mean that, you're bound to improve."

* * * * *

Miss Harris—"What happened to Babylon, Garvie?"
 'Chic'—"It fell."
 Miss Harris—"And what happened to Tyre?"
 'Chic'—"It was punctured."

* * * * *

"As Idle As A Painted Ship"

Randolph—"Say, do you know our Collegiate shortstop reminds me of the
 Ancient Mariner."

Corey—"How Come!"

Randolph—"He stoppeth one of three."

* * * * *

Ollie—"Why don't you wear calico any more?"
 Frances—"Oh, I hate to see myself in print."

* * * * *

Barnes—"What makes you so small, Christie?"

Christie (brightly)—"Well, you see, when I was a baby my mother fed me on
 canned milk and now I'm condensed."

* * * * *

Mr. Dent (in chemistry)—"Harkness, what does the symbol A stand for?"
 Ross—"Just a minute, I've got it on the end of my tongue."

Mr. Dent—"Well spit it out, it's arsenic."

* * * * *

HOW TO MEASURE THE VOID ABOVE YOUR EYES

Mental Capacity Test

Do not write anything until you are told to begin, then write nothing. If you are unable to do a problem don't.

Test No. 1.

- Candidate can write on any two of No. 1.
1. If the obliquity of the ecliptic were 35, how long would it take to get a book out of the lib.?
 2. If highpochlorick acid contains more water than Lake Huron, would it boil while freezing. If not, why not?

Test No. 2.

Rearrange the following cross-eyed sentences and indicate whether they are untrue or false.
 But none the bench upperclassmen warm—untrue false.

The honor system prof. all trust—untrue false.
Goofez gazarks gimlet glug—untrue false.

Test No. 3.

If a cucumber is more like a billiard ball than a frankfurter, stand on your head and sing "Annie Laurie"; but if cheese is thicker than water and the square root of the differential is less than twice the arc of the Bitchegesian flea take a high dive off the Campanile.

Test No. 4.

Prove by Geometry that if any triangle is as to its base as a given triangle the hypotenuse of the greater will be less than the sine you non of the former and will vary indirectly with parabola of the meridian. If the above is absurd take a nice long drink of sulphuric and tell how it tasted.

Test No. 5.

1. A-B equals C, and D is less than P.D.Q. Find the perpendicular height of the circle if one side equals (C.L.)².
2. C is greater than D and less than B.V.D. but not so great as A.B.C. plus E.R.H. Solve for "x" by substituting for B.

"Stop"

Now the mental deficiency test is over. By our new and improved system of grading, students will not have to wait for their marks. All "Collegiate" readers got one hundred plus, plus. All others received minus ten.

Gabler—"Your honour, it is true that I was speeding but I can explain, if you will give me a little time."
Judge—"Ten days."

Doey—"How do you make ethylene?"
Doug—"Feed her at the Dominion."

Fred Pugh—"Say, Snowball, is London the next stop?"
Porter—"Yes, sah. Brush you off, sah?"
Fred—"Nope! I'll get off myself."

Barber—"Your hair is getting gray, boy."
Barge—"I'm not surprised—hurry up."

Hayes (to Hotel-Keeper at Woodstock)—"Say, guy, did you ever hear of the straw that broke the camel's back?"
Landlord—"Yes, why?"

"Buzz"—"Well you will find it up in that bed in No. 10."

Miss Story (night of "The Senior")—"All ready. Run up the curtain."
Stage-hand—"Say, lady, what do you think I am—a squirrel?"

Mr. ————"Young man, the lights of this house go out at eleven o'clock."
Bulman—"That suits me. Don't delay on my account."

Judge—"What is the verdict of the jury?"
Foreman—"Your honour, the jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."

Macklin—"I dreamt I died last night."
Gates—"What woke you up?"
Macklin—"The heat."

My bonnie looked into a gas tank,
The depth of its contents to see,
He lighted a match to assist him,
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

The boy stood on the burning deck
And uttered with a chortle,
"When columnizers hear of me
They'll make my fame immortal."

* * * *

Enid—"I suppose your father will be all unstrung when he hears about your exams."

Hannah—"Oh, no, I wired him last night."

* * * *

Waiter—"Tea or Coffee?"

Eddie Robinson—"Don't tell me, let me guess."

* * * *

Daddy McRae—"Say, Bud, why did they make the Duke of Buskingham a Knight of the Garter?"

Parsons—"Because he was one the King's chief supporters."

* * * *

Miss Harris—"What influence have the Ancient Greeks on a modern college education?"

Spears—"Well, we still throw the discus a little."

* * * *

Annie—"Who made this fancy ink well?"

Verna—"Search me; I didn't even know it was sick."

* * * *

Delmar—"I wish I were a star."

Helen—"I wish you were a comet and then you would only come around once every fifteen hundred years."

* * * *

3C CLASS

Viola Lannin, daughter of the "chief"
Is very fond of taking French leave.
When once upon a subject she gets a grip,
Then her greatest delight is that class to skip.

"Speed" MacGregor, the typewriter "champ"
Lost her speed in trying to vamp.
And now poor Bessie, much to her woe,
Can only about "fifty words per" go.

Next "Sambo" Hobbs, smartest in the class,
Who chases dogs to make us laugh.
When she begins to speak in Spanish,
All her audience starts to vanish.

Grace Bedard, Turkish delight,
Sleeps all day and growls all night.
When upon her bangs you look,
You think of a Jap girl in the book.

Helen Smith, a bright young student,
When in class is very prudent.
Though she laughs all day, she works quite fast,
That's how she's in 3C class.

Florence DeAth is a bright young hopeful
Who never looks very sad or doleful.

The reason we can quite surmise,
The soap she uses is "Surprise."

Of Ena Timpson it has been said
She hasn't much grey matter in her head,
But she's the cut-up of the class.
She never lets a good joke pass.

Alex. Melville, a cute young shaver
I doubt if you could find one braver.
Much that's good of him could be said,
But now I fear it would swell his head.

Gladys Luckhurst has Spanish to write,
She does it by day and she does it by night,
And now with her basket-ball at the gym,
She really sees very little of "him."

Another clever maiden, lo!
It is the studious Miss Virgo,
She always has her homework done,
Although in that she sees no fun.

Louise MacDonald, a clever lass,
Is one of the four and ten in the class,
Who, though she's working all the while,
Can always take time off to smile.

Marguerite Wynne, an awful tease,
Seems to think she was made for ease,
She's a cut-up with a permanent grin,
Except, of course, when she sits on a pin.

Here's to our Elsie Bentley,
Who has her hair bobbed quaintly,
She is joker number three,
And we listen to her jokes with glee.

Anna Finnegan, not least, but last,
"T'would be a shame to let her pass,
She is a very industrious child,
And never makes her teachers wild.

* * * *

With apologies to 3^C

Leckie (after receiving kick from Purser)—"Get out."
Miss Nickel (just entering)—"That certainly is a warm welcome."

* * * *

Willoughby—"Say, Squirt, What's the difference between a hair dresser and
a sculptor?"
Taylor—"That's easy—A hair dresser curls up and dyes,—the sculptor makes
faces and busts."

* * * *

Miss Harris—"Lorne, who invented the steam engine?"
Sproule—"Stevenson."
Miss Harris (dubiously)—"Well, was he the first man?"
Sproule (brightly)—"Oh, no. Adam was."

Mr. Dent—"Now, when two bodies in motion come together is heat generated?"

Young Dupee (in rear)—"No, sir. I hit a guy yesterday, at noon, and he knocked me cold."

* * * *

Promoter—"Now, boys, this race is for the colored Amateur Championship. The course is around Lakeview Cemetery, five times."

Rastus—"Can't be did, suh."

Promoter—"Why not?"

Rastus—"Caze, any ole time any cullud boy's feet done git near a cemet'y he spontaneously jines de puhfessionals."

* * * *

McBurney—"Say, Glead, how can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"

Workman—"Don't let them turn in."

* * * *

Behind All Around.

Mr. Dinsmore (disgruntled after long delay at Courtright, on the way to Wallaceburg)—"Why don't you keep better time on this wretched line?"

Conductor—"Well, sir, I'll explain it all to you. The train before us is behind and this train was behind before besides."

* * * *

Chas. B.—"If you refuse me I shall blow out my brains."

Mary—"Oh, no, you won't."

Chas B.—"Maybe you think I haven't a pistol."

Mary—"Oh, maybe you have the pistol all right."

* * * *

Mr. Graham (in Algebra class—"McDonald, add 7A and -6A."

"Egger"—"Eh?"

Mr. Graham—"Correct."

* * * *

Do You Read the Advertisements?

Watch it Grow—"Shrimp" Allaire.

Chases Dirt—"Davy."

Hasn't Scratched Yet—Garvie at the National.

Won Its Favour Through Its Flavour—Toffee among Fourth Year Girls.

Eventually, Why Not Now?—Bernice and Orv.

99.44% Pure (water)—Soup in Galt Cafe.

I'se in Town, Honey—Gabler in St. Thomas.

A Skin You Love to Touch—A matter of individual choice.

57 Varieties—Bathrobes in the Upper School Concert.

Time to Retire—"Dutch," without his quota of Sport written, sees the Editor approaching.

There's a Reason—Why Helly reads "deep stuff" sometimes.

If not, Why Not?—Spring Rugby.

Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion—Consult Bulman.

Protection With Distinction—Thompson and Barge.

Save The Surface and You Save All—The principle some S. C. I. vamps work on.

His Only Rival—Donohue and Conacher.

Just Nuts—Hazel and Win.

I Got the Job—Our Advertising Staff (think they have).

There's Life in the Plates—"Collegiate" Cuts.

Irresistible—All of them.

Quality All Through—S.C.I. Rugby Team after the close of the season.

The Iron Food—Refreshments at Basket Ball Dances.

Your Nose Knows—Wallaceburg Sugar Refinery.

* * * *

Johnson—"Tom, what would a man with two children and a wife called Elizabeth have?"

Newland—"Dunno!"

Kirby—"A Lizzie and two little runabouts."

* * * *

Hayne—"Say, Frank, do you like Rex Beach?"

Burwell—"Dunno. Jack. I was never there."

* * * *

Lady (calling Imperial Theatre)—"What's your feature to-night?"

Lynn (answering 'phone)—"Oh, yes—well—'What's Your Husband Doing'?"

Lady—"Why, you fresh thing! None of your business."

* * * *

Hold That—Line.

Rose (at Rugby game)—"What did they put Ted off for that time?"

Helly—"For holding."

Rose—"Isn't that just like him."

* * * *

Leila—"A woman should get a man's pay."

Currie—"Most of them do."

* * * *

Miss Story (entering 4A Lit. Class)—"What are we studying to-day, Class?"

Thelma—"Ask Me No More."

* * * *

Mr. Graham (interrupting 4B Physics Class)—"Mr. Dent, have you any heavy weights in here?"

* * * *

Failure.

O it is monstrous, monstrous
Methought the teacher spoke and told me of it.
Pupils did sing it to me, and the Principal,
Our stern and awe-inspiring chief, pronounced
The name of Failure. He did bass my trespass;
Therefore my ambition i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll see it deeper than e'er Latin sounded
And with it there lie muddled.
(With Apologies to Shakespeare) FROSH.

* * * *

Bernice—"I don't think it is right to say that a woman can't keep a secret."

Orv.—"What makes you say that?"

Bernice—"No woman ever tried."

* * * *

Freddie—"We are going to hit sixty in a minute. Are you afraid?"

Helly—(swallowing much dust)—"No, indeed. I'm quite full of grit."

* * * *

Miss Nichol—"Can anyone mention a case of great friendship made famous through literature?"

Couse—"Mutt and Jeff."

* * * *

Innocent Freshette (watching pole vault on Field Day)—"Just think how much higher he could go if he didn't have to carry that stick."

Woodrow—"I could live on Limburger cheese alone."

Edith—"You'd have to."

Ingram—"What's the most you ever got out of your car, Mait?"
 Harold—"I think seven times in one mile is my record."

* * * *

Bulman (at barber shop)—"Say, barber, how long will I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber (stroking his chin)—"About two years, sonny."

* * * *

Ena—"Say, Elsie, what is a polygon?"

Elsie—"Aw, I give up."

Ena—"A dead parrot."

* * * *

What Would You Say if You Saw

The Girls' Basket Ball Team without Florence Buckindail?

Kay Clark looking giddy?

Someone giving a good critic's report?

Richie training a Girls' Hockey Team?

Walter Potter without the angelic grin, speaking on the Lit. platform?

Harry Randolph with a girl?

Wyn Bell without a good joke?

Keith Watson with a REAL moustache?

Hazel Elnor doing the Hula?

Hib Corey doing something undignified?

Rose Simpson without Marion Henderson?

Charles Woodrow without the purple handkerchief?

The Barnby sisters making a noise?

Tom Elliot in a track suit?

Doey Couse missing a band night at the rink?

Maurice Brush in "longs?"

Willa Garroch causing a sensation?

Skinny Kirkpatrick growing up?

George Barge without Elmer Thompson?

Elmer Thompson without George Barge?

Edith Simpson sitting still?

Florence Chong without the giggles?

Charles Park registering haste?

Bill Donohue in his Wally Reid outfit?

ALL the second year boys putting away the chairs after Lit.?

Currie not looking over to the other side of the room?

Newton not busy?

Garvie not advocating American football?

* * * *

"Doey" Couse—"That scar on your head must be very annoying."

Tom Elliott—"Oh, it's next to nothing."

* * * *

"Buck" Wheatley—"My heart's idol."

Bernice—"Put it to work."

* * * *

Wemple—"You want to keep your eyes open around here today, Clem."

White—"Why, what's up?"

Lifty—"Well, people will think you're a darn fool if you keep them shut."

* * * *

Velma Virgo—"Has the Editor got my joke?"

Nellie Laurie—"Not yet, but he is trying hard."

* * * *

Goodison—"Say, Chas., would you rather be greener than you look, or look greener than you are?"

Grace—"Why, of course I would rather look greener than I am."
 Goodison—"That's impossible."

* * * *

Mr. Winhold—"Allaire, how is it you're late for school this morning?"
 Shrimp—"I must have over-washed myself this morning, sir."

* * * *

Miss Oakes—"Now, chevaux means horses, and cheveux means hair; but
 what does cheveaux mean?"
 Bentley—"Horse-hair, I guess."

* * * *

Burgess—"And she smiled at me the whole evening."
 Ab. Soles—"Well, that shows she has a sense of humor, anyway."

* * * *

When you see a chap	Going into peals of
Walking around dreamily	Laughter when you
And looking at	Make a remark you never even
Something	Intended
In his breast pocket	To be funny,
Now and then,	Just remember,
And grinning happily	Old timer,
Every time	He has just got a
He looks,	LETTER
And laughing heartily at the	From his
Punkiest jokes you tell him and	GIRL.

—FROTH.

* * * *

One Saturday Night.

Inez—"Oh, Neal, you're so tender to-night."
 Gabler—"Well, I ought to be. I've been in hot water at school all week."

* * * *

Oh, Well, What Of It?

One Friday night at St. Andrew's Arena, the band had just finished a vigorous but not over-harmonious selection. As they sat perspiring in their seats, the cornetist, Mr. Fred Pugh, asked hoarsely. "Well, what's the next one?"

"Our new piece—'Smiles,'" answered the leader, consulting his programme. "Ye gods" ejaculated Pugh, "I just got through playing that."

* * * *

"Liza, what fo' yo' buy dat odder box shoe blackin'?"
 "Go on, nigga, dat ain't shoe blackin. Dat's ma massage cream."

* * * *

I sent my son to the S. C. I.	Short poem.
With a pat upon the back.	Coughin',
I spent a lot of money	Coffin.—Phoenix.
And got a quarterback.	

* * * *

Using a Blind.

Isaac—"Vere did you get de new window blind, Chacob?"
 Jacob—"Ah, mine customers gafe it alretty to me."
 Isaac—"But mine never gafe me anything like dot."
 Jacob—"Vell, you see, I put out a collection box in front of de store, "For the Blind."

* * * *

Pressley—"I think I have a cold, or something, in my head."
 Art Brown—"Probably a cold."

Limericks by Lunatics.

There is a fair maiden named Win,
How she talks it is surely a sin;
When her teachers get mad
You'd think she'd get sad.
Not a bit! She'll just cheerfully grin.

Her friend has a name like a tree.
And she's equally chatty as she.
They are ever together,
Being birds of a feather.
A bad pair—you all must agree.

There is a youth known to fame,
Whom you've seen play in many a
game.
In football, he can kick,
On the ice, shake a stick.
His hair's red. Can you now guess
his name?

There is a young lady named Rose
Whom no one e'er saw in repose.
She goes into athletics
And all kinds of antics
And acts up in all of our shows.

There is a young boy surnamed
Miller,
He's still the same old Foxy
Quiller;
For, when he came back,
He still had the knack
Of making Miss Oakes stage a
thriller.
A diligent student is Ruth

Whose textbooks are tattered, in
sooth,
By the wear and the tear
Which they all have to bear,
As she searches for knowledge and
truth.

There is a young lady named Edith
Who wanders where'er the crowd
leadeth.
In a dance she's a sprite
And, search as you might,
You'll find no one who her super-
cedeth.

Our radio maniac, Norris,
Keeps a line on every new chorus.
By means of his wireless
He seems to be tireless;
Uses terms which surely do bore us.

We have a wee laddie named Park
Who once boasted small sideburns
dark.
With very good grace,
The gang shaved his face
But Charlie just said, "What a
lark!"

There are others of whom I could
tell—
For instance, we have a fine Bell;
Not a bell that will ring,
But a belle who can sing,
In the corridors also can yell.

* * * *

The Great Highway.

First Cootie—"Where have you been? On a vacation?"
Second Cootie—"Well, kind of a one. Been on a tramp."

* * * *

Marion (reading a letter from Grant at Toronto)—"Grant says that he got
a beautiful lamp from his boxing."

Mrs. Stirrett—"I just knew he would win something in Athletics."

* * * *

Don.—"Between the two of us, what do you think of her?"

Dave—"Not so good—but, alone—Oh, Boy!"

* * * *

There was a young nurse
Of fifteen and ten,
Who gave her charge
A bad fountain pen.

The cap flew off;
The ink went wild.
Now she is nursing
A colored child.

* * * *

Potter—"Say, Homer, what do you think of Banwell's football moustache?"

Kinsman—"Very little; but why do you call it a football moustache?"

Potter—"Because it has only twelve on each side."

* * * *

Ruth—(listening to S. C. I. Orchestra)—"Isn't that music heavenly?"

Dorothy—"Well, I've got to admit it's unearthly."

* * * *

At the Movies.

Have you seen—

Dorothy Towers in "The Roundup?"

Delmar Dupee in "The Kid?"

Mr. Winhold in "The Fighting Schoolmaster?"

Dave MacKenzie in "The Barber of Seville?"

Sam Welch in "The Little Minister?"

Dorothy French in "Cleopatra?"

Fred Pugh in "Lessons in Love?"

Form 3A in "The Idle Class?"

Anna Mitton in "The Affairs of Anna (told)?"

John Goodison in "Headin' South?"

Gordon Gardiner in "Freckles?"

Helen Fraser in "Irish Eyes?"

George Simpson, in his Ford racer,

in "Excuse My Dust?"

Charles Brown in "The Dancin' Fool?"

John Richardson in "Tarzan of the Apes?"

Lynn Myers in "Elmo the Mighty?"

Frank Burwell in "He Who Gets Slapped?"

Ollie McGrath in "Ollie of the Fol-lies?"

Bob Wilkinson's two-seater in "Double Speed?"

"Rent Free," featuring Charles Le-Bel's socks (We don't think)?"

"Dangerous Business" — starring any of the S.C.I. Haircutters?

(?) (One guess allowed) in "The Cradle Buster?"

* * * *

Barber—"How did you like the new razor, sir?"

Corey—"I hardly knew I was being shaved."

Barber (flattered)—"Why, that's fine, sir. But what could you have imagined?"

Corey—"That I was being sandpapered."

* * * *

The kind old lady met her friend, little Johnnie, one very hot day. "Hello, Johnnie," she exclaimed, "And how is your dear old Grandpa standing the heat?"

Johnnie—"Ain't heard yet; he's only been dead a week."

* * * *

Owens—"Do you know there is only one practical joker mentioned in the Bible?"

Saylor—"Go on—shoot. Who was it?"

Poke—"Why, old stick, it was Samson. His last joke brought down the house."

* * * *

Eddie—"Say, Anna, can I call you 'Revenge'?"

Anna—"Why, Eddie?"

Ed—"Because revenge is sweet."

Anna—"Certainly, if you will let me call you 'Vengeance.'"

Ed—"Why should you call me 'Vengeance'?"

Anna—"Because vengeance is mine."

* * * *

Hazel (in despair before Latin Exam.)—"Say, Skinny, if I don't get my Matric., I'm going into a hospital."

Verna—"Humph, I'm ready for the hospital now. If I fail, I'll be ready for the grave."

Mr. Grant—"Say, Simpson, is there a single thing you can do better than anyone else?"

"Dutch"—"Sure, I can read my own writing."

* * * *

Neither Do I.

"Fireman, save my chee-ild" she cried,

As the waiter brought the soup.

Out on the stern and rock-bound coast,

The walrus looped the loop!

But Grandfather could not go that night,

For Willie had the croup.

(A sparkling gem from the inspired pen of R. McBurney, 3A.)

* * * *

No Lien.

There once was a lad named O'Brien
Who thought he would like to go
flien,

So he jumped from a wall

With his ma's parasol;

You can guess all the rest without
trien.

* * *

It happened one day in 3A,
The class got uncommonly gay,

"Voyons," cried Miss Oakes,

You rude, noisy folks,

Que voulez-vous dire, s'il vous
plait?"

Gleed—"Say, Bob, I just asked Hazel if I could see her home."

McBurney—"Yes, and what did she say?"

Gleed—"She said, 'Sure; I'll send you a picture of it.'"

* * * *

For additional Humor inspect the Advertising Sections.



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"One enjoys a good grind now and then," said the humorous cannibal as he devoured the valedictorian—Lehigh Burr.

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GLOVES, HATS,

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Freshman—"To the cemetery."
Senior—"Anybody dead?"
Freshman—"Yep, all of them."—Tar Baby.

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"Si" Banwell—"I tried to steal a kiss on a girl that was chewing gum."

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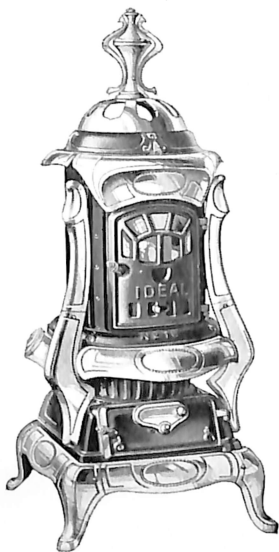
"If it is as Good as the Goodison, it is a Goodison."

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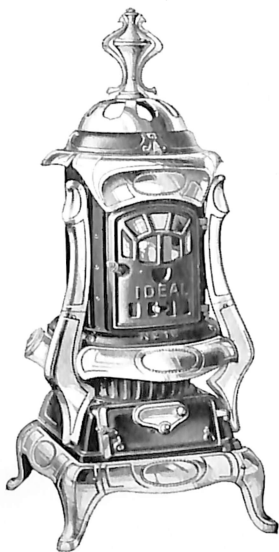
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